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THE
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
AND
PORTO RICO

ILLUSTRATED

WILLIAM · D · BOYCE



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WILLIAM D. BOYCE.

THE
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
AND
PORTO RICO

ILLUSTRATED

By

WILLIAM D. BOYCE

PUBLISHER OF "THE SATURDAY BLADE," "CHICAGO LEDGER,"
"THE FARMING BUSINESS," AND THE "INDIANA
DAILY TIMES."

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INTRODUCTION

IN SELECTING from my larger book, *United States Colonies and Dependencies*, sections for this smaller volume, I have taken two of the best examples of our colonial rule, the Hawaiian Islands, in the Pacific, and Porto Rico, in the Atlantic. One lies some 2,000 miles southwest of San Francisco, the other 1,400 miles southeast of New York, and both are tropic, lying almost in the same degree of latitude. A line drawn east and west through Hawaii and Porto Rico passes just north of the Panama Canal. This being so, the importance of these islands as United States possessions becomes apparent at once, and information relative to them of value to all.

Few of us have appreciated how favorably these islands are placed as United States naval bases, the one facing Europe eastward from the Canal, the other facing the Orient westward from the Canal, each a great natural outpost lying in the central ocean track of the world's future commerce. In the pages that follow the reader will find an account of what we are doing in the way of making Pearl Harbor, in the Hawaiian Islands, a naval base and military stronghold. But at Porto Rico, our main outpost in the south and east—in the direction of Europe, Asia, Africa and South America—so far as fortifications are concerned, we are “going slow.” It is my opinion that a naval base, fortified with guns of the largest caliber and longest possible range, should be prepared in San Juan and other good harbors on the island, making an ocean stronghold from which our fighting craft might operate, or in which they might find shelter, in case of war. For who knows upon what day war may come? If we ever face the need, and have not prepared such a base, it will then be too late.

Aside from the importance of these colonies as military outposts, their acquisition was a distinct addition to the area and wealth of the United States. The taking over of the Hawaiian Islands, August 12, 1898, added to the area of our

soil 4,125,000 acres, much of which is exceedingly productive. When one considers that last year the value of our commercial sales to Hawaii amounted to over \$29,000,000, and theirs to us over \$42,000,000—of which \$37,000,000 was for sugar—and that the assessed value of Hawaiian property is at present over \$175,000,000, the raising of the Stars and Stripes over these islands is seen to have been an event of first-class importance. As the years go by the increase of our commerce with these islands, and their immense value to us as a military stronghold, I predict, will make their taking over seem one of our wisest and most timely acts of statesmanship.

As for Porto Rico, that fell into our lap as a “war-plum,” adding 2,198,400 acres to our domain. Its soil and products are much the same as those of the Hawaiian Islands, and the fact that its exports to us last year aggregated over \$40,000,000, and our sales to them exceeded \$33,000,000, the commercial importance to us of this “war-plum” becomes obvious. As an example of what can be done in the way of fair-dealing and benefits given, our treatment of Porto Rico as a colony is one of the best. In matters of moral and educational uplift, in respect to the physical health of its people, and in material improvements, our adoption of Porto Rico has been a blessing to the island and its people. Located as it is within “the favored zone of plenty,” and enjoying a stable and just government, this island possession of ours will, without much question, continue to reflect credit both upon itself and the great people of which it has become a part.

This book is only a part of my complete work, *United States Colonies and Dependencies*, the copy for which was prepared and printed originally in *The Saturday Blade*, one of our four papers. In securing the matter and photographs I spent over a year and traveled about fifty thousand miles.

Very truly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "W. D. Boyce". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed name "W. D. Boyce".

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THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

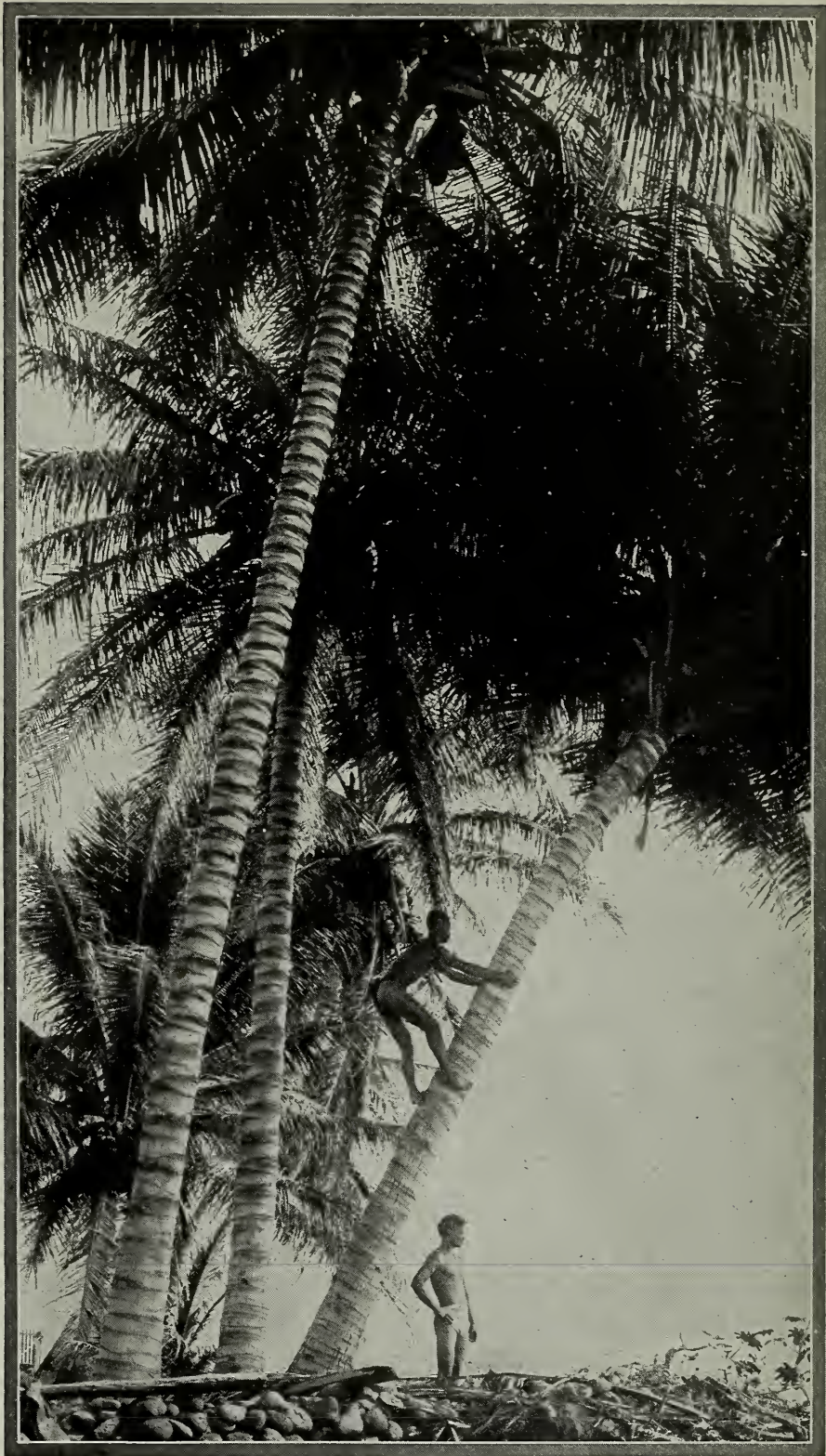
Area in square miles 6,446, population 1914, estimated, 200,000; of this number 25,000 are natives and about 45,000 of Caucasian extraction; the balance are half-breeds, with about 100,000 Japanese and Chinese—Capital, Honolulu, population about 55,000—Chief resources, sugar, pineapples, coffee, honey, hides, fruits, rice, wool, tobacco, cotton and rubber—Exports to foreign countries, 1913, \$758,546; imports, \$6,033,531; imports from United States, 1913, \$29,129,409, exports to United States, same period, \$42,713,294, of which sum \$37,707,820 was for sugar—Total assessed value of property in islands, 1913, \$175,201,161—Present Governor, Hon. Lucius E. Pinkham.

CHAPTER I.

OCEAN AND ISLANDS.

ON THE bosom of the vast Pacific, either through peace or by war, the inevitable struggle for the final world supremacy is likely to be decided. The position and relations of mankind in the Occidental portion of the earth have, for the most part, been fought out upon the waters of the Atlantic Ocean and its shores. But the heave and surge of changing human forces are active in the Orient, the meeting of the tides of the white and yellow races, where two-thirds of the world's population lives; hence, the Pacific is "the Ocean with a Future" and tremendously important and interesting. The United States owns many of its islands, and is destined to play the chief rôle in coming events in that quarter of the world.

It is an ocean rife with romance and mystery, and so large that the human mind falters in trying to grasp its extent. Yellow men and dark-skinned people dwelt upon its islands and the great Eastern lands that border it, through ages and ages before Europe discovered them. But change came, the day dawned. From the Orient came the first settlers of the American Continent, by way of cold Siberia and Alaska.



COCONUT PALMS, HAWAII.

Four hundred years ago, on September 25, 1513, the western shore of this greatest of oceans was first seen by a white man. That day Balboa, its discoverer, looked out upon it from a hill of the Isthmus of Panama. It was a momentous day for mankind, and yet the white man has gone but little farther west.

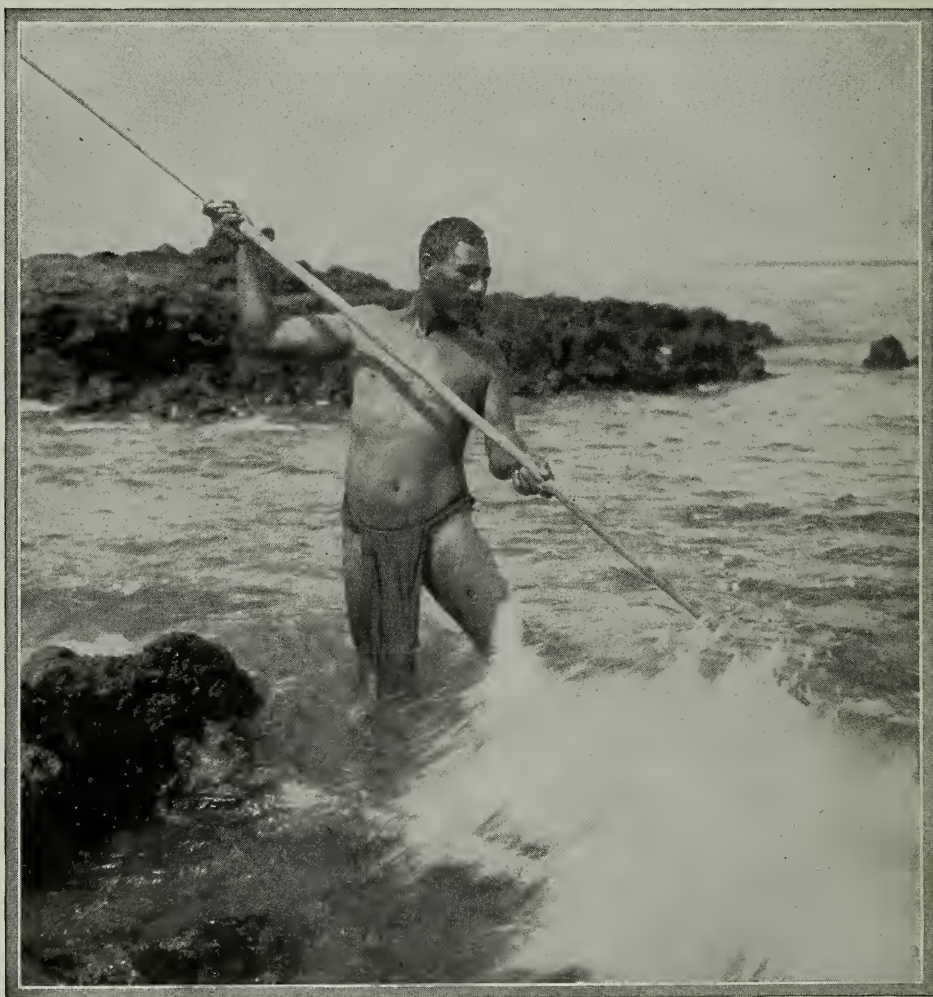
However, thousands of miles away across the wide waters, and more than two hundred years before, a white man had skirted the far-off eastern shores of the mighty sea. That was Marco Polo, the Venetian. His history is one of the world's great stories. His father and uncle, although merchants, were adventurers at heart and set out on distant trails "to increase their wealth and enlarge their knowledge of the world." They spent twenty-five years in traveling through the Orient, and at



SCENE ON THE ISLAND OF OAHU.

the age of seventeen young Marco accompanied his father to the eastern limits of Asia. He lived in Peking, "in Far Cathay," for many years, as guest and hostage of the Grand Khan. At last his opportunity came to return to Venice when an Oriental sovereign, then ruling in Persia, desired to marry a Mongol princess. A deputation was sent to ask for her hand and the offer was accepted. But when the lady attempted to journey to her lord overland, she found the country unsettled and was obliged to return home. Then Marco Polo saw his chance.

"Let me take the Princess to Persia by sea," he said, and the Grand Khan consented. Fourteen ships, provisioned for three years, set sail down the Pei-ho River from Peking and



NATIVE HAWAIIAN SPEARING FISH.

the first recorded voyage on the Pacific was begun. This was in 1291.

Out on the Yellow Sea they sailed, Marco in command, and in three months reached the island of Sumatra; then through the Indian Ocean, beset by adverse winds and attacked by pirates. But Persia was reached at last. In the meantime the prospective groom had died, but his son willingly married the foreign bride "and they lived happily ever after."

Marco kept on to Italy and published his famous map and an extravagant description of his travels. While more than two hundred years ahead of Balboa, he little suspected the magnitude of the waters on which he had sailed, an ocean over 10,000 miles wide at the equator and of nearly equal length, containing double the volume of the Atlantic, its nearest rival.

It remained for Magellan in his marvelous voyage of circumnavigation of the globe to know its immensity. "It is a sea so vast that human mind cannot grasp it," he wrote.

Born of Portuguese parentage and of noble blood, as was Balboa, Magellan made his first voyage to the East Indies, to the Spice Islands. Learning of Balboa's discovery, the idea came to him that this great "South Sea" might stretch westward to the very islands he had visited. Seven years later he set sail for the Spanish Crown, with five little vessels, the largest only one hundred and twenty tons. Crossing the South Atlantic, and experiencing treachery and mutiny, he at last reached "an opening like unto a bay," and the long sought channel was found. At Cape Pillar, the western end of the strait, he found placid waters, hence the name "Pacific," or peaceful, ocean, which is not always true of those waters by any means. Then across the immense ocean Magellan sailed from the strait, north of Tierra del Fuego, which bears his name, to the island in the Philippines which holds his grave.

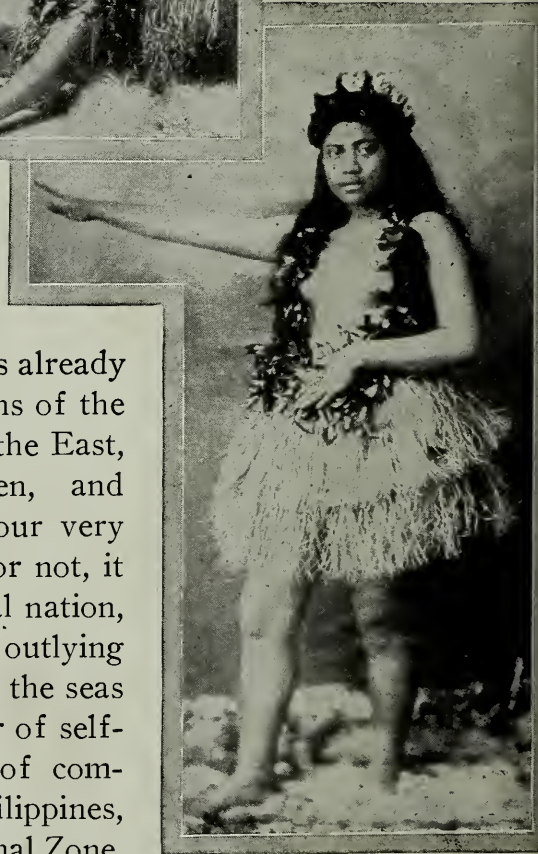
Two hundred and fifty-eight years later, the famous James Cook, an English naval captain, plowed a straight furrow from south to north on the Pacific, from the tropical Society Isles to the seal lands of the Bering Sea. Like Magellan, he was killed by the natives and lies in an island grave.

Ocean greyhounds have taken the place of the outrigger canoes of the savages which dared the deep in Cook's day, and still put out occasionally from island shores. Floating palaces carry us to the Asiatic coast from which the junks of the ancients still set sail. Advancing and arrested races meet.



OLD-TIME HAWAIIAN MUSICIANS
AND A HULA-HULA DANCER.

But China, the mighty Rip Van Winkle, wakens, and Japan has already won a place among the great nations of the world. The Philippines, Gems of the East, have become our foster-children, and Hawaii, Pearl of all the Pacific, our very own. Whether we believe it wise or not, it is inevitable that a great continental nation, like the United States, should have outlying territories and island possessions in the seas that wash its shores. It is a matter of self-protection as well as a demand of commerce. Hence, Porto Rico, the Philippines, Hawaii, Alaska and the Panama Canal Zone.



To us the Hawaiian group of islands is very important. Their history is strange, misty, romantic. Their original inhabitants apparently came from the Orient. Out onto the greatest of all oceans primitive people set sail in their crude canoes far back in the shadowy, prehistoric past. They had been driven to the very fringe of the Asiatic continent by more warlike tribes, to the Straits Settlements of today. Now Mongol hordes from the North still forced them on. Passing the New Hebrides and Solomon Islands, where ferocious black cannibals lived, these gentle brown voyagers came out upon the great unknown waters which we call the Pacific Ocean. With their domestic animals, food-plants and household gods, they sailed with the winds to Hawaii and other islands farther south. And so Polynesia was peopled.

At least this is the way I see it. The Hawaiians will tell you a different story. Wakea and his wife, Papa, arrived first, they say, just after creating the earth. Then Hawaii-loa, a bold seaman, came from the west, and other people from the south in large double canoes. The *menehunes*, or fairies, crept out of the forest at night and built huts, boats and temples of worship for the newcomers. And thus the legends run down until they blend into history.

Without doubt, all the people of Polynesia are of one race. From Hawaii to New Zealand, from Easter Island to Samoa, we find the same arts, customs and folklore and the languages are closely related. The story of the early life of the Hawaiians, and the coming of the white man to their shores is worth relating.

For centuries these happy children of the Great Ocean lived in ignorance of the white-skinned people. Balboa, claiming the Pacific and all the lands that bordered it for the Crown of Spain, little dreamed of these palm-encircled islands. Magellan, first of white men to cross this ocean, passed them by. Sir Francis Drake, following in Magellan's wake, missed them. And, marvel of marvels! The galleons of Spain, plowing their clumsy way from Mexico to Manila twice a year for two hundred and fifty years, failed to discover them! I have heard

that the secret archives of Spain made record of their existence, but I doubt it, for the Spanish navigators seemed altogether ignorant of this haven lying between their New and Old World possessions.

It is pleasant to picture the island life in those early days.



A BELLE OF HAWAII.

The great sea-going canoes were from fifty to one hundred feet long and six to eight feet deep. A large company went on voyages from island to island, the chief and his family sitting on a mat-covered platform above the bronze paddlers. The sails were made from strips of matting. Great gourds served as water bottles. Pigs, dogs and chickens were carried alive and the taro plant and breadfruit were part of the cargo. The pilot steered by the stars. Sometimes many canoes formed a squadron, the chief pilot guiding them all. A strange contrast, this, to the ocean greyhounds which ply between Hawaii and New Zealand today, and our Pacific Coast.

These early islanders were expert fishermen, using hook and line, nets, spears, and wicker baskets. They could fairly outswim the fish. Nature supplied everything they needed from the bone and shell for their fishhooks to the *olona* shrub for their nets. The hardwood for their canoes, the calabashes for their household implements, the roots for basket weaving—all grew in abundance.

Before building a canoe, they offered a prayer to the gods and the priest of the village went into the forest with the men to choose the right kind of tree. *Koa*, the Hawaiian mahogany, was first choice. Many of the outrigger canoes which the traveler sees today in Pacific island ports is the type which has been in use for centuries.

Hawaiian farmers raised taro, yams, bananas and sweet potatoes, and very early the sugar cane was brought to them. From the taro root *poi*, the chief article of food, was made. It corresponds with the cassava of South America, made from the manioc plant.

Among all primitive people baskets are woven, as they must have a way of carrying things. The fiber of a tree, well beaten, was commonly utilized as a garment. The most of the Hawaiian fiber garments were beaten from the *wauke* tree, which was cultivated for the purpose.

The Incas of Peru wore feather garments as a mark of nobility, and so did these early Pacific chiefs. Helmets, capes and headdresses of great beauty were woven by the women for

the ornamentation of their lords. A tall chief decorated with multi-colored feathers must have been a gorgeous sight, and formidable as well, when equipped with a great adz weighing twelve pounds, useful in the felling of tree or foe.

We must not picture these people as always at work and war, for games, songs and dances played an important rôle in their care-free lives. Many of the national songs and characteristic dances have come down to the present day, and form the chief attraction to tourists visiting the islands.

The people lived in grass houses, but sometimes built stone



HAWAIIAN HUT. FEW OF THIS TYPE ARE NOW LEFT.

walls about the huts as a protection. A few of these walls still stand, but there are no great monuments of the aborigines on any of the eight islands of the Hawaiian group, as on Easter Island.

One stormy night, way back in November, 1736, a boy was born in Hawaii, who was destined to become Kamehameha the Great, and unite all the islands into one kingdom. He played at surf-riding and hurling the spear with the other lads and worked in the fields with a will, but very early his companions felt his superiority. He was stronger and braver than they. It was long before he ascended the throne. It was while he still



STATUE IN HONOLULU OF KAMEHAMEHA THE GREAT.

lived with his uncle, King Kalaniopuu, that James Cook, the English explorer, discovered the islands. On his way from the far South to the Bering Sea, Cook accidentally sighted Oahu, on which the city of Honolulu is now situated. Later he landed on Kauai and Niihau, a little to the northwest.

The natives were terrified at the sight of the strange ships and said, "A forest has risen from the sea." Cook stayed long enough to trade nails and iron for food and water and was very kindly treated by the dark-skinned people.

The following year he came again to winter in the sunny isles, and Kamehameha, always fearless, accepted an invitation to remain all night aboard one of the ships. After a month of hospitalities on either side, the strangers seem to have outstayed their welcome. Many stories have been told of how Cook met his death, but it is certain that he was stabbed in the back by one of the Hawaiians. His monument is at Kealahou Bay, not far from the spot where he fell.

Now other strangers arrived, from England, France and Asia, traders and missionaries, and Hawaiian boys were taken away to be educated in civilized lands. Kamehameha came to the throne and determined to unite all the islands under his rule. He did this and more. He was fair to foreigners and did his best to keep them in the country to teach his people new ways. He granted them lands free from rent. Today he stands out as the greatest character in Ha-



CAPTAIN COOK'S MONUMENT.

waiian history, for, while he respected all of the old customs of his people, he changed their way of living little by little, preparing them for civilization and Christianity. He was far ahead of his time. A hundred years after Cook's discovery the people erected a monument to their beloved "Kamehameha the Great" in a park in Honolulu.

American missionaries reached the islands in 1820 and the most of our early knowledge of the Hawaiians came to us through them. They were teachers, above all things, and performed a noble work, with kindness and tolerance, also with an eye to business.

There have been four other rulers by the name of Kamehameha since the first one reigned, and Kamehameha III. renounced the throne for British rule. This did not last long, however, for in 1843 came Restoration Day, when the Hawaiian flag was again raised.

Kalakaua, the last native king, died in 1891 at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, and the cry was still "Hawaii for the Hawaiians," but by this time there were many aliens on the islands and little of the native stock left of the reigning type. Kalakaua's sister was proclaimed Queen under the title of Liliuokalani, but a republican form of government followed two years later.

When we went to war with Spain, the possession of Hawaii became a very important matter. Symptoms of annexation had been conspicuous for some time, and three months after the beginning of the war, President McKinley approved the bill making the island republic a part of the United States.

The official taking over of this group, "the fairest fleet of islands anchored in any sea," while pathetic, was most impressive. It was the echo of Dewey's guns at Manila that was heard in Honolulu August 12, 1898, when one flag went down amid the roar of saluting cannon, and another went up to take its place. A man who was there on that memorable day told me that only a small crowd was present and every one very quiet. The ceremony was short and sad. A republic was being absorbed. A nationality was being snuffed

out like a candle. Naturally it was not a joyous affair. When it was over, women, wearing the American emblem, wiped their eyes—even men who had been strong for annexation had a lump in their throats.

As for the Hawaiians, none were present. They kept to their homes, away from streets and shops. The crowd in front of the Executive Building was composed of Americans, Portuguese, Japanese and Chinese.

The ceremonies carried all the tension of an execution. It was more like a funeral than a *fête*. Rear Admiral Miller



THE STARS AND STRIPES WAVING OVER HAWAII.

landed men from the warship *Philadelphia*. Three marines walking apart carried a great roll in their arms, the American flag. A gentle rain was falling. When United States Minister Sewell had finished his short, dignified speech, the Hawaiian flag, which was proudly waving, sank for the last time as the Government band played the national anthem, "Our Very Own Hawaii." All heads were uncovered and many were bowed. In the distance the twenty-one gun salute to the falling flag from the battery of the *Philadelphia* boomed out. Then at a signal the "Star Spangled Banner" burst from the *Philadelphia's* band, as the big thirty-foot flag went to the peak. The clouds broke. The blue sky showed overhead. The most beautiful flag on land or sea caught the breath of a passing breeze and flung itself wide over the fairy islands, a promise to Hawaii, "for better or for worse, in sickness or in health," wedlock forever with the "land of the free and the home of the brave." And who will dare to take this flag down?

To the former Governor of the islands, Hon. Walter F. Frear, much credit is due for the intelligent handling of governmental matters in Hawaii. Hon. Lucius E. Pinkham, the present Governor, was appointed November 29, 1913. Though not highly pleased with the appointment, the people of the islands are hoping for creditable results.

CHAPTER II.

HAWAII OF TODAY.

“ON THE edge of the world my islands lie,” sings Mary Dillingham Frear, wife of the ex-Governor of Hawaii, in one of her charming Pacific poems, and the people of Honolulu will grant this to poetic license. But they deeply resent that this is about where most of us locate the Hawaiian Islands.

This is especially true east of the Rocky Mountains. As one travels west, however, one's viewpoint gradually changes. On the Pacific Coast, Hawaii is no longer “those Sandwich Islands overseas,” but a wide-awake American territory just a little farther on. In San Francisco and Seattle the people are as closely in touch with Honolulu commercially as with New York.

We sailed from the Golden Gate to Honolulu under the American flag and, with the exception of a few tourists bound for the Orient and a lot of little “Chinks,” as stewards and cabin boys, the people on board were all live Americans on their way from one of Uncle Sam's ports to another, on business or on pleasure.

In San Francisco one has the choice of three steamer lines to the islands, all flying the Stars and Stripes. A fourth line, Japanese, is debarred by our coastwise shipping law from carrying passengers between two American ports, although tickets are sold on the “Jap”



ROYAL PALMS IN HONOLULU.

line from San Francisco to Manila. The status of the Philippines seems to be represented by an interrogation point in this flag-sailing matter.

All of these steamer lines have a working agreement on passenger and freight rates and have also adjusted the speed question, giving proper consideration to fuel consumption. There is no record-breaking here, as between Vancouver and Yokohama. Many of the Pacific steamers have served a long apprenticeship on the Atlantic before being moved over to this larger sphere. With a fresh coat of paint and a change of name, they begin life all over again. From the moment they plow the waters of the Pacific, their increase in tonnage is most remarkable. I know one old boat, scarred from battles with many a Caribbean hurricane. Like some other old heroes it wore out its welcome and "went West." On the Atlantic its rating was 4,500 tons. On the Pacific it became a 9,000 tonner. There is a difference in the two methods of computing sizes. On the Atlantic net tonnage is considered, while on the Pacific it is displacement.

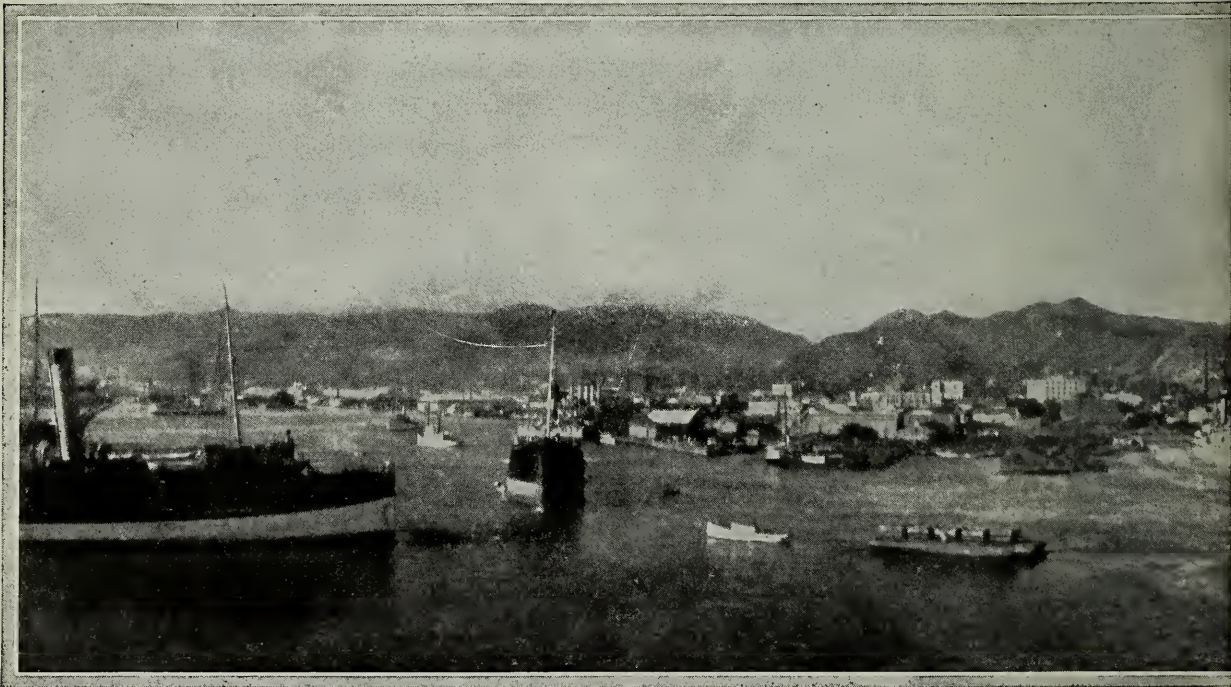
We sailed from San Francisco early Thursday afternoon and on the following Wednesday morning at daybreak sighted the islands. There are twelve in the group, but only eight are inhabited, in the order of their size: Hawaii, Maui, Oahu, Kauai, Molokai, Lanai, Niihau, and Kahoolawe.

Molokai is seen first in the distance by east-bound ships. Then Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated, comes into view close at hand, a thing of beauty in the clear morning air. In shape it looks like a Chinese dragon, a shining green dragon, creeping over the sparkling blue waters. Oahu is forty-six miles long and twenty-five miles wide and has two mountain ranges. Coasting a jagged line of purple peaks, "fire-born and rain-carved," the ship rounds a fine promontory known as Diamond Head, the Hawaiian Gibraltar which guards Honolulu.

The traveler familiar with tropical settings is apt to picture Hawaii's capital as a second Rio de Janeiro or Funchal. But do not look for red-tiled roofs and multi-colored walls here or you will be sadly disappointed. The background of verdure-

clad hills, crowned with mist, is all that the artist could ask for, but the town looks like any other American city of 55,000 inhabitants, with the usual number of factories and chimneys.

“Why, it’s as smoky as Pittsburgh!” exclaimed a girl with a camera, and I must confess that it impressed me as a hive of industry. It is strange how those old schoolbook pictures of Hawaiian grass huts and *hula* dancers have clung to us all these years. The early New England missionaries began the transformation back in 1820. Their children and grandchildren kept up the work, and, it is said, own nearly the whole group of islands, so Americanization has been continuous. The Hawaiians as a people are no more. They have been absorbed in Uncle Sam’s great melting-pot. If you ever go to Hawaii do not expect brown-skinned natives, bedecked with wreaths, waiting for you on the pier. Instead you will find hotel runners and motor drivers—there are 1,200 automobiles in the city. You will skim up well-paved streets to a great metropolitan hotel where a Japanese bellboy will show you to your room, overlooking a noisy business street. You are still a bit dazed. Can this be the land of Aloha?



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF

Honolulu's best friends can hardly claim that man's work here harmonizes with Nature's. The piles of coal on the waterfront, the dust on the streets, the rush and scramble everywhere are found in all ports where commerce is spelled with a big "C." The business portion of the city is not a success architecturally. There are a few fine fireproof blocks with nondescript neighbors.

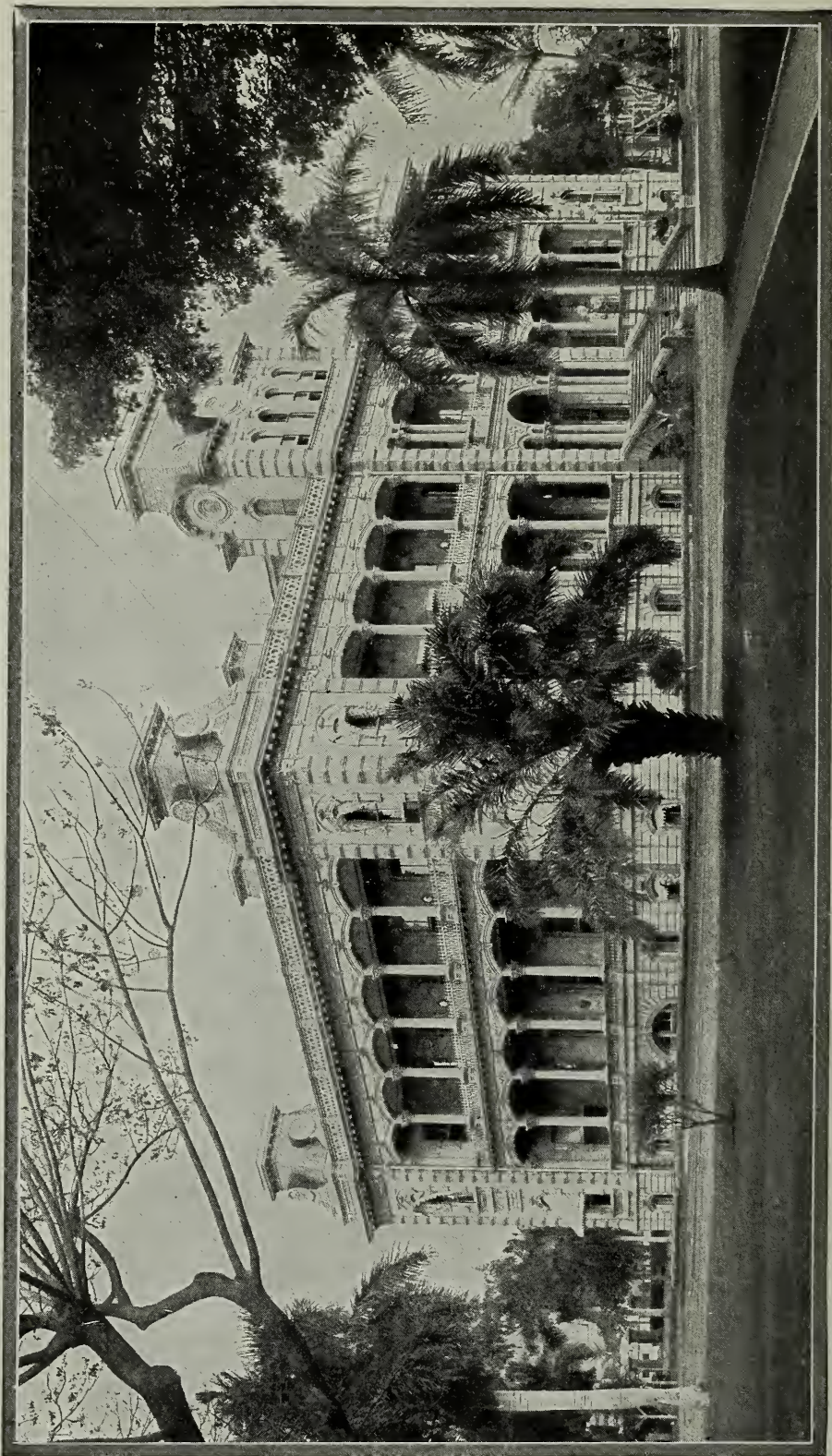
"Oh! just wait until you see the home section," said the hotel clerk. "Honolulu has the gardens all right!"

There is a splendid electric-car service, but most tourists patronize the automobiles, parked in a most formidable row opposite Young's Hotel.

The Executive Building, formerly the Royal Palace, surrounded by a park, is the show place down town. It was erected in 1880 of concrete and highly ornamented by royal command. Today it is used by both branches of Congress and by Government officials. The golden crown still surmounts each window, and in the throne-room, where territorial laws are enacted today, hang oil paintings of Kanaka royalty interspersed with great canvases of European rulers, friendly gifts



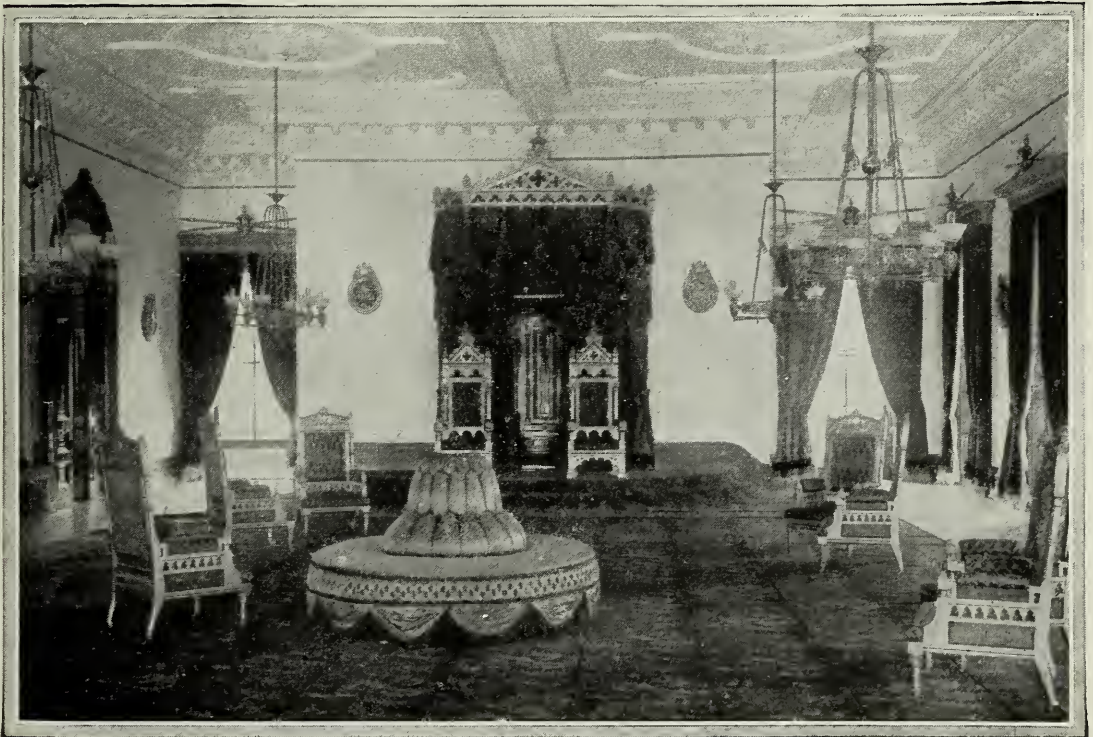
HONOLULU AND ITS HARBOR.



THE EXECUTIVE BUILDING, FORMERLY THE PALACE, HONOLULU.



FORT STREET, HONOLULU, THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET.



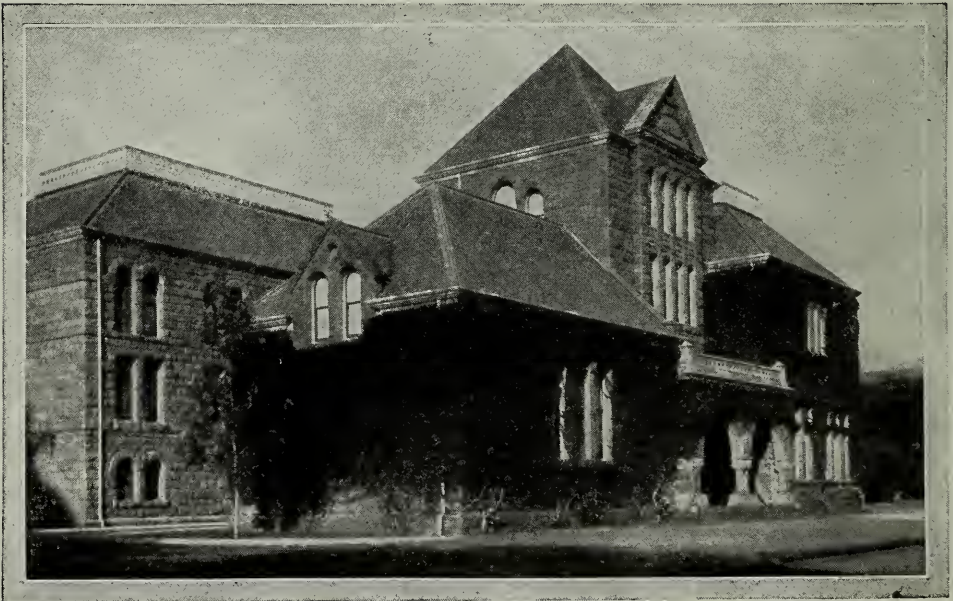
THRONE-ROOM IN THE EXECUTIVE BUILDING, FORMERLY
THE PALACE, HONOLULU.

to the "King of the Sandwich Islands." This building, flanked by Royal palms, is closely associated with the later history of Hawaiian rule. In its second year it weathered an insurrection. Here Kalakaua, last of the native kings, who died in San Francisco, lay in state. Here Liliuokalani, his sister, who ruled after him, was tried for treason and imprisoned. Ex-Queen Liliuokalani still lives quietly in Honolulu, and as I motored away from the capital, the driver said:

"Look into the carriage that's coming! There to the left, the surrey! The two black horses! She'll be on the back seat—the Queen!"

I saw a gentle-faced old lady, brown of skin, wearing black and purple. The Queen is an aged lady now and is not so stout as old-time photographs portray her. She keeps closely to her home, known as Washington Place, a house much like others in its neighborhood, surrounded by a beautiful garden. President Cleveland offered to restore Liliuokalani to the throne if she would agree not to imprison her enemies. She firmly declined unless permitted to behead at least a dozen of the leading citizens.

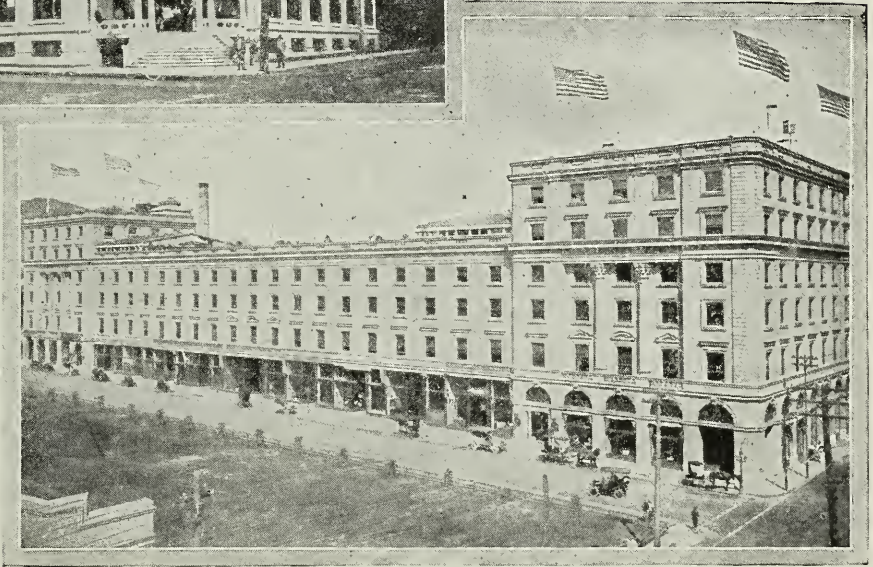
Oahu College is a landmark in Honolulu. It was started by the missionaries for the education of their children and



BERNICE PAUAHI BISHOP MUSEUM, HONOLULU.

other foreign youngsters and is one of the oldest—I believe the oldest—American college this side of the Missouri River. The capital of Hawaii was a thriving town, we must remember, before San Francisco was on the map. In the fifties and sixties, California children were sent over to Honolulu to be educated. Another interesting school is the Kamehameha School for Hawaiians situated just out of town. It was founded by the legacy of Bernice Pauahi Bishop, the last of the royal line of Kamehamehā, who married the Hon. Charles Bishop, an American, who arrived in the islands as a cook on a sailing vessel and took a chance by marrying royalty. In her memory Mr. Bishop founded a Museum of Polynesian Ethnology and Natural History, where I learned more about the ancient Hawaiians in one afternoon than I could by reading books through a lifetime. Often, seeing is knowing.

Andrew Carnegie donated \$100,000 for the library of Hawaii, the Legislature appropriating an additional



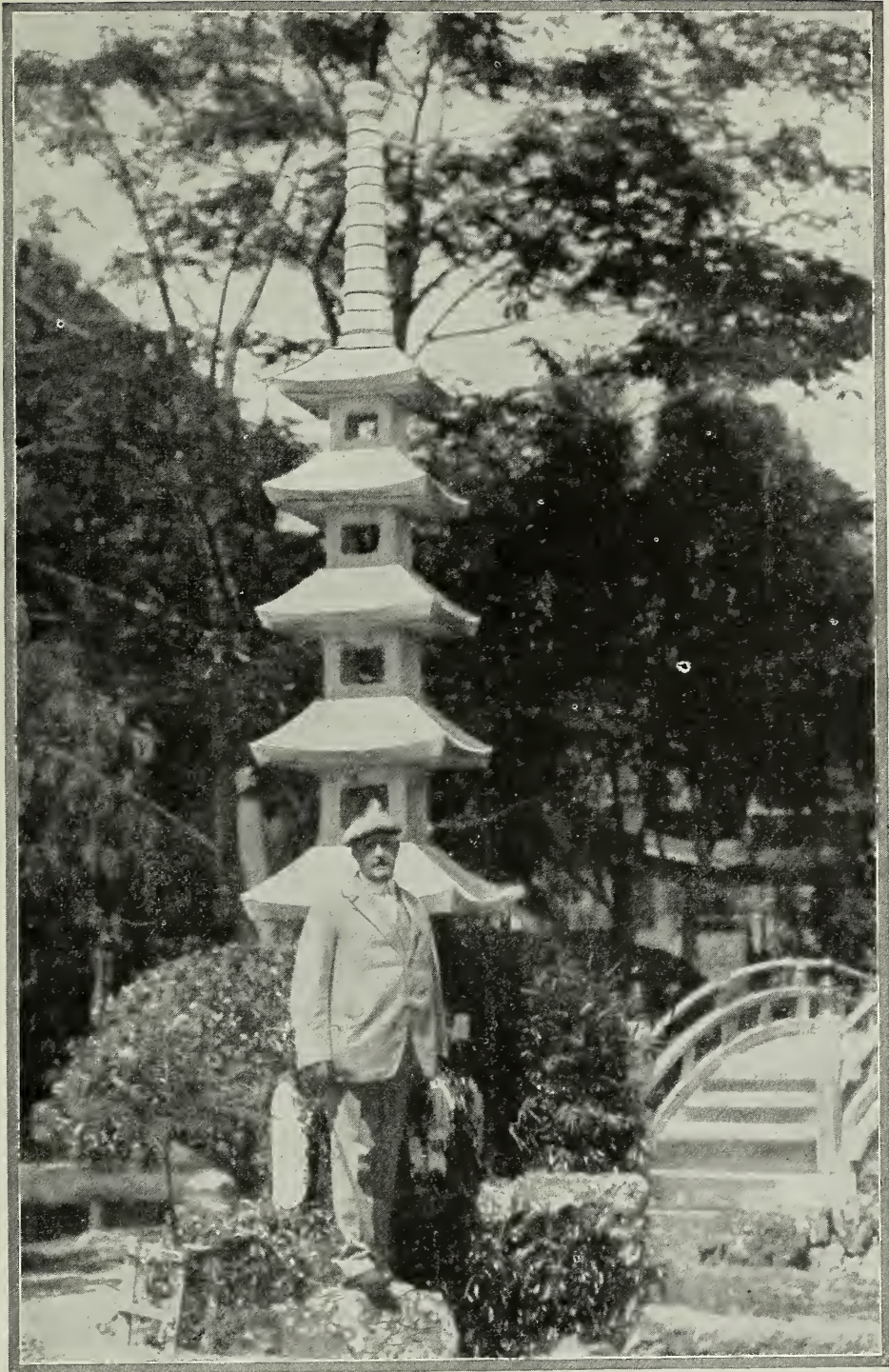
UPPER PICTURE, Y. M. C. A. BUILDING; LOWER, THE ALEXANDER YOUNG HOTEL, HONOLULU.



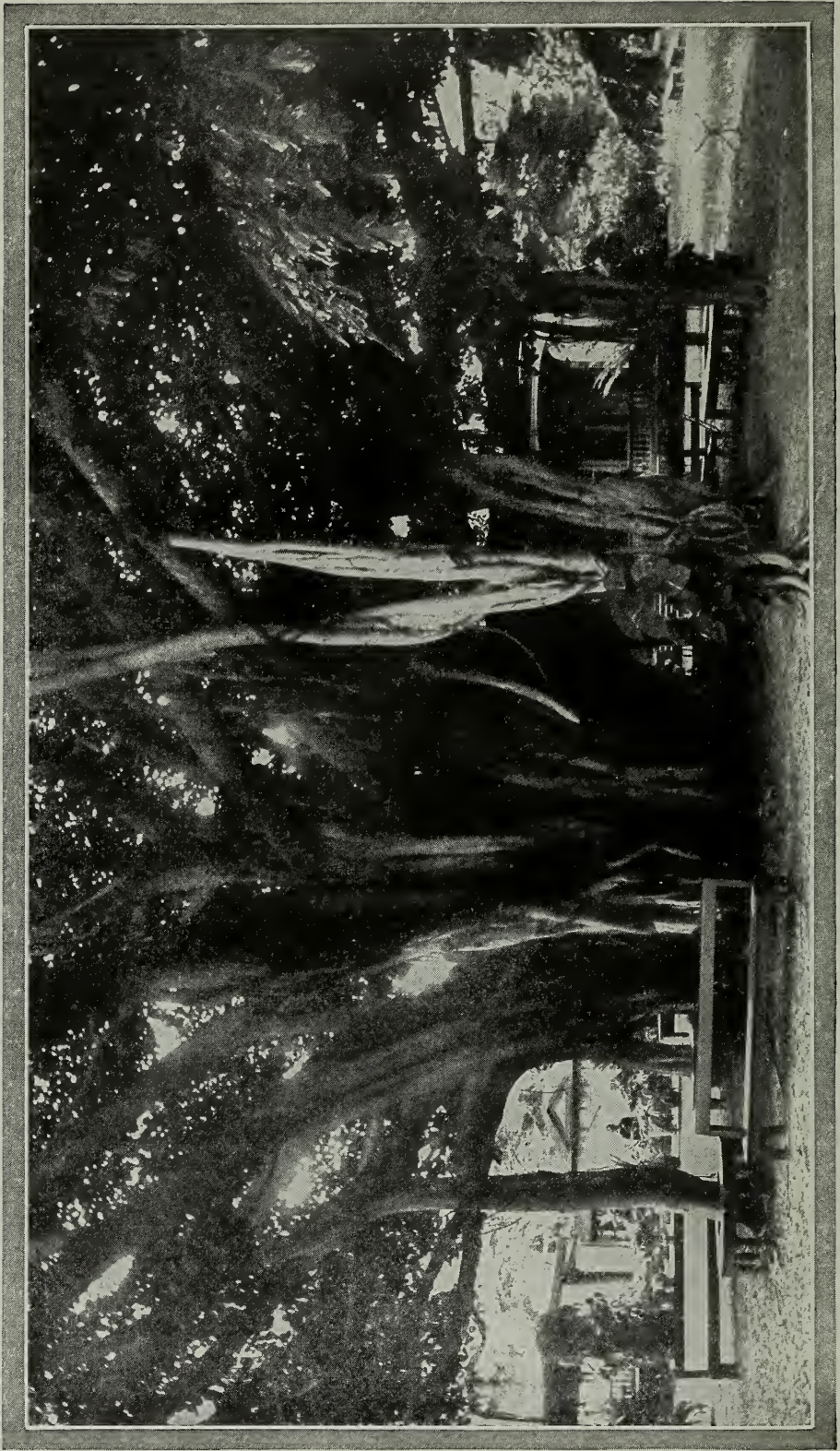
THE HOME OF THE LATE CLAUD SPRECKELS, FORMER SUGAR KING,
HONOLULU.

\$25,000. It includes the valuable library of the Hawaiian Historical Society. There is a splendid Y. M. C. A. building. The members went out with the idea of raising \$100,000 in ten days, but so liberal was the giving that they received \$150,000 in six days and had to close the subscription list.

I found the homes of Honolulu most attractive. They are built like those of southern California for air, light and veranda space. In fact, the veranda is the important feature here and bears the native name, *lanai*. It is wide and vine-shaded, overlooking the glory of Hawaii, the tropical garden. Every traveler from a temperate land marvels at a conservatory out of doors. Here the poinciana spreads its huge flaming umbrellas



MR. BOYCE IN MR. DAMON'S BEAUTIFUL JAPANESE GARDENS
NEAR HONOLULU.



BANYAN TREE IN A HONOLULU GARDEN.

of orange or scarlet; the golden shower hangs its clusters of yellow bells; the pride of India is a mass of lavender; while the *cacia nodessa*, loveliest of all, resembles a giant apple tree in blossom, with its great sheaves of pink bloom. Now just imagine a tangle of vines and creepers, great lily leaves, tasseled palms, gigantic banyans and you will see almost any one's garden in the Territory of Hawaii. The night-blooming cereus is one of the wonders. Near Honolulu, on Moanalua, the estate of Mr. Damon, are the wonderful Japanese Gardens, said to rival in beauty any of those in Japan.

The one thing still Hawaiian about the town is the names of many of the streets. Nuuanu, Punahou and Alakea fall softly on foreign ears. King Street, Fort and Bishop show the American touch. There are churches on every street, churches of every denomination. In one of them, Kawaiahao, services are still conducted in the Hawaiian tongue. This church was dedicated in 1842 by the missionaries and is built of coral rock. The finest buildings of the city are of gray-blue native lava stone.

A city, its buildings, streets, homes and gardens tell us much of a people, but after all we are always more interested in the people themselves. Hawaii is the Crossroads of the Pacific, where Asiatics by the thousands have come to join Uncle Sam's family! It is worth studying.

CHAPTER III.

A RACE MELTING-POT.

“CAN’T you tell ’em apart—the Chinese and the Japs?” It was my Honolulu coachman, native of St. Louis, Mo., who asked.

It was not easy. For an hour I had been trying to label them, with indifferent success. Of course I could distinguish the nationalities of the women, the glossy-haired Chinese with their jade ornaments and baggy trousers, as well as the little daughters of Nippon with their graceful kimonos and babies strapped to their backs. But the men! Not so easy. All wore American clothes and there was no longer a pigtail in sight. Many Chinese have eyes minus the slant, and many Japanese look just like Chinese. In Hawaii they are particularly hard to distinguish from each other.

These Asiatics, more than any other people in Honolulu, interested me because there were so many of them. At the



MEN OF MANY LANDS ON HONOLULU WATERFRONT.

last census there were 80,000 Japanese, over 20,000 of them born under the Stars and Stripes. Now there are more, for every month about 300 Japanese women arrive and every woman has a baby, after a while, born on American soil—a full-fledged American citizen. In twenty-one years he can



LITTLE JAPANESE-AMERICANS.



SOME PURE-BLOODED HAWAIIAN WOMEN.

vote! Japan, unless our laws are changed, will some day control the Hawaiian Islands with the franchise.

The figures are startling. We put a check on Japanese immigration, some years ago, by a "gentlemen's agreement," between the two nations; but evidently it did not apply to "the ladies." I straightway decided to look up a Government official and find out just what races are being admitted into our lodge through this side door, 2,000 miles from the mainland. I had not gone far with the investigation before it dawned on me that Hawaii is not only "The Crossroads of the Pacific," as acclaimed by its proud inhabitants, but also the place where the blood strains of the world are being crossed. Queer branches, these, being grafted onto our family tree—our oceanic melting-pot, where a new type of American is being produced.

If you will pick up a Honolulu telephone book, you will discover whole pages of Ah's, more than would greet you at the finest exhibition of fireworks. There are "Ah Sams" and "Ah Sings" and yards of other "Ah's"—20,000 Chinese in all on the islands—but they ship over to California for higher wages whenever they get a chance.

"Do the Hawaiians marry the Orientals?" I asked an old settler.

"The women do," he said. "They marry the Chinese, who make very good husbands. A Chinese not only works in the field, but helps his Hawaiian wife with the housework and 'minds the children.' Hawaiian husbands play the guitar."

The pure Hawaiians are decreasing over 12 per cent a year. There are only 25,000 of them left and the race is doomed to extinction; but the strain will live on, in fact, it is on the increase. The number of part-Hawaiians has jumped up 60 per cent during the last ten years. The native girls were sought in marriage by Europeans and Americans, as well as by the Orientals. They had the land. Today there are: Irish-Hawaiians, English-Hawaiians, French-Hawaiians, German-Hawaiians, Spanish-Hawaiians, Portuguese-Hawaiians and American-Hawaiians. The children resulting from these crosses are often rather attractive in appearance.



HAWAIIAN HUMAN TYPES.

It is pathetic to note the passing of the Kanaka, as the Hawaiian loves to call himself. "And there was much in his method of government superior to ours," one deep American thinker and close observer informed me.

"You see," he said, "they kept their race strong and fit until the coming of the white man with his 'improved civilization.' They got rid of their insane and depraved by sending word, on a dark night, that the gods wished to speak with them. Then a blow on the head at the temple door! Now we acquit murderers, or board them at the expense of the nation, and encourage the unfit to survive."

I heard a story of a native on an island far to the south who came into court to claim title to a piece of land. The Judge said the man had no right to it, that it belonged to a missionary.

"Oh, I know he did own it," said the native. "But my father ate him and absorbed the title!"

When the white man first got control of the land in Hawaii, he set the native to work for him. But the Kanaka is not a good worker, so, at an early date, the planter imported Asiatics.



FILIPINO IMMIGRANTS IN HAWAII.



JAPANESE LABORERS, HAWAII.

The first country tapped was China, and the Celestials came in when Hawaii was still a kingdom. They came under contract to receive thirteen dollars a month, and it is now admitted that they are the best of the Orientals on the island. As faithful workers the Chinese are surpassed by the laborers of scarcely any other race. When Hawaii became a part of the American Union, Chinese were debarred and the planters turned to Japan. The Japs were good workers in those days and came in so fast that they overflowed into California, which brought a protest from the Coast laborers.

During the days of Hawaiian rule, many Portuguese were brought from the Azores and Madeira. Their native lands are also volcanic islands where gardens smile, and they took kindly to their new environment. Today they are considered the best sort of citizens, honest and industrious. There are 25,000 of them, as many as there are Hawaiians.

Still, the labor proved inadequate for the working of the great sugar estates, so 5,000 Spaniards have been brought in; 5,000 Porto Ricans, and a sample order of 2,000 Russians. Just to make sure that there are enough Asiatics, 5,000 Koreans

have been imported! The expense, especially in the case of the European immigrants, has been enormous. It cost almost \$1,000,000 to coax all these families here, a rather large sum for the landing of each man.

As a Federal law prohibits "the assisting of immigration with money privately contributed," an income tax was passed calling for two per cent on all incomes over \$4,000. This seemed to solve the problem. But here the joker appeared! After the Territory of Hawaii had invested this fortune in imported labor, the California fruit growers and Alaska canners urged the workers "just a little farther on." "Stop it!" cried the Hawaiian planters and immediately made "the inducing of labor to leave the islands" a crime punishable by a heavy fine. But this did not wholly check the exodus.

However, in workers imported from the Philippines the Hawaiian planters seem to have found labor which will "stand without hitching" and some 8,000 or 10,000 of them have arrived during the past three years. This may prove of benefit to the Philippines, as some of the men may carry home the industrial training received, but it adds still another touch to the color scheme of Hawaii.

Now we have: Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Filipinos, Porto Ricans, Spaniards, Portuguese, Russians, 200 negroes from the Southern States, a few Hindus, some South Sea Islanders, and the Hawaiian half-bloods, besides the pure Hawaiians and the Caucasians. It is estimated that there are 45,000 Caucasians in all on the islands, out of a population of 200,000, so every fourth inhabitant is white.

There is a Honolulu romance surrounding—"a strange amalgamation, twixt two such funny nations"—the wedding of a Chinese and a Portuguese. Away back in 1858, Wing Ah Fong came over to Honolulu with a shipload of Celestials. Young, intelligent and genial, with a little capital, he soon became the leading silk and bric-à-brac merchant. He fell in love with pretty, dark-eyed Concepcion, daughter of a Portuguese sailor, and they were married in 1860. Prospering, Ah Fong invested in sugar-cane fields and in ten years was worth



UNDER THE TWO FLAGS, HONOLULU.



CHURCH IN HAWAII BUILT OF CORAL ROCK.



THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN BAND.

\$300,000, which steadily increased to \$3,000,000. The family circle expanded at about the same gait until, in 1890, it consisted of three boys and thirteen girls. Ah Fong was a devoted father and was delighted that his daughters resembled their good-looking mother. He had a Concord coach built, in which he exhibited the entire family on four wheels, one of the sights of the island. On his firstborn, a boy, the father's interest, however, centered.

In 1892, after months spent in arranging his business, the rich Chinaman sailed away with his eldest son to visit his boyhood home in the Flowery Kingdom. Since then the streets of Honolulu have known him no more. But the hospitality of the Ah Fong mansion has never waned and the real estate has increased in value. In 1904 Captain Whitney, U. S. A., married Miss Harriet Ah Fong, and other Europeans and Americans have wedded

her sisters. The girls have been noted for their beauty and talent, and a halo of romance has clung



to them, through all the changes which time has brought in these islands. But where are the father and brother? Rumor has placed them in prominent positions in the land of their ancestors.



NATIVE HAWAIIAN GIRLS AT A PICNIC AND BATHING.

A drive through the tenement district of Honolulu reveals excellent sanitary conditions. Here people of alien races live in harmony, in spite of differing customs and language barriers. The immigrant children soon attend the public schools where only English is taught. The Chinese, especially, seem hungry for an English education. In the last class graduated from Oahu College, eleven out of the twenty-four were Chinese. All the races have their newspapers, the last to be launched being a Filipino daily. Chinese children soon adopt American dress, and the little almond-eyed lasses, bound for school, follow the latest Parisian mode even to the bows in their hair.

When the public schools close at two o'clock, the Japanese children take up their studies again at the Japanese school, for the little brown men cling to their own language and customs, even though they are willing to learn about other people's. They, less than any of the others, adopt our American ways. They live in Hawaii and earn their money there, but they send much of it home to Japan. Probably the most ambitious people on earth, they are the least inclined to shift their nationality.

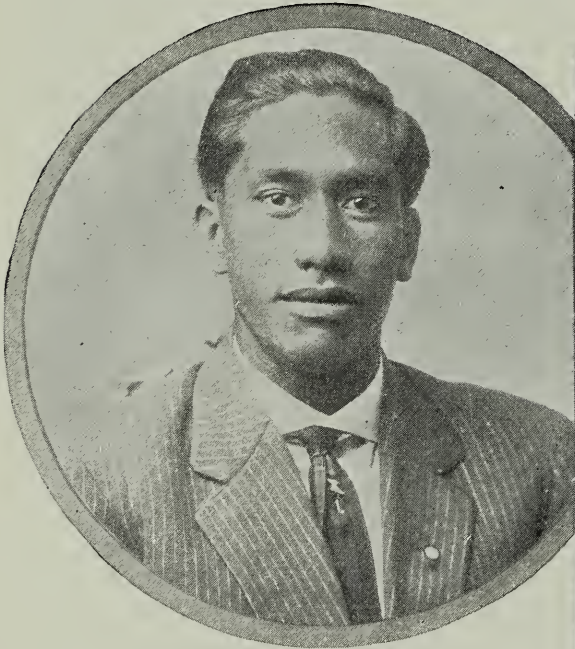
If a real war cloud should ever gather between America and Japan you can be pretty certain that the Japanese on these islands, no matter where they were born, would fight for the Mikado. But Uncle Sam is not asleep. Quietly and steadfastly he has been fortifying his mid-Pacific Isles, and 15,000 soldiers and the mightiest guns on earth will guard the Territory of Hawaii.

CHAPTER IV.

OUR MID-OCEAN PLAYGROUND.

KAMEHAMEHA DAY came while I was in Hawaii. It is an anniversary in honor of the great Hawaiian ruler, first to surrender the feudal tenure of land for the benefit of the people. The celebrations have always been under the auspices of the Order of Kamehameha, and the principal feature has been aquatic sports, which every Hawaiian loves.

It was a great day for Honolulu. Two world's records were broken! When it comes to the royal sport of swimming, take off your hat to the mermen and mermaids of our mid-



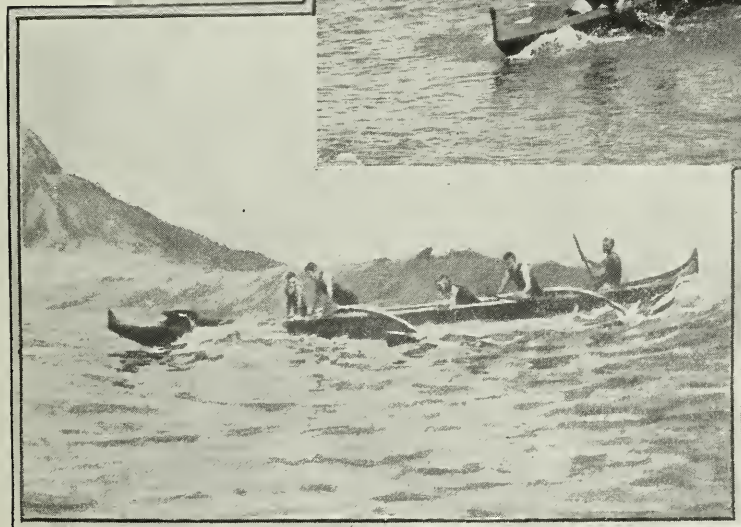
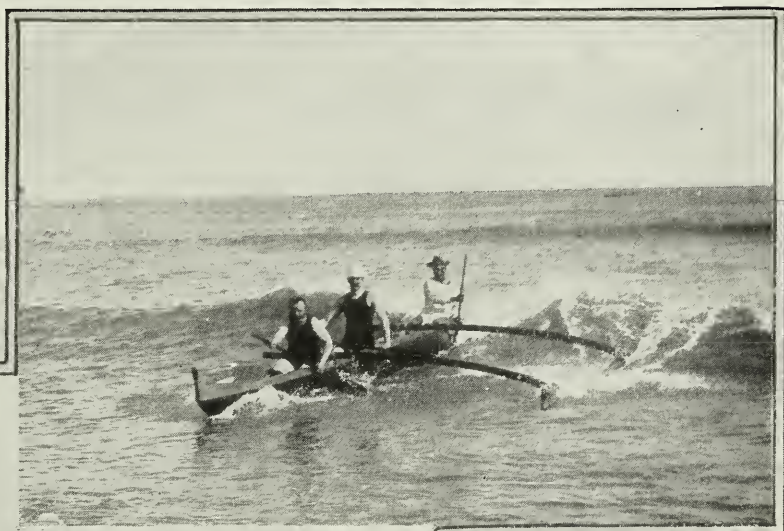
DUKE P. KAHANAMOKU AND RUTH WAYSON STACKER, CHAMPION SWIMMERS OF THE WORLD.

Pacific playground. The King and Queen of the surf both live in Hawaii.

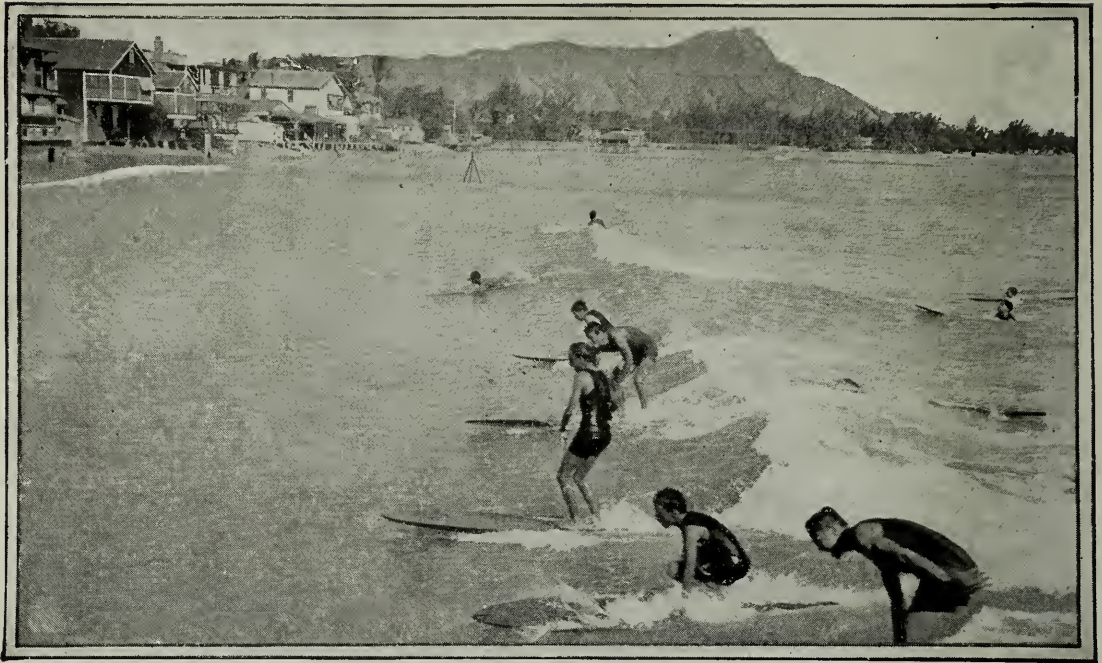
Ruth Wayson Stacker, a slim, graceful little nymph, lowered the world's swimming record for women for fifty yards, taking the championship from Fannie Durack of Australia. Duke P. Kahanamoku, who won the world's championship at Stockholm, Sweden, lowered his own record in three events. The Hui Nahu team lowered the three-hundred-yard relay—six men—race record, previously held by the New York Athletic Club.

As the records were announced, one after another, the crowd went mad and cheered with all its might. As 5,000 people were on hand, it was "some cheering."

Kahanamoku is a great hero in Hawaii. Sent to the United States two years ago to compete for a place on the American team at the Olympic games, he made a brilliant showing, nota-



SURF-RIDING IN OUTRIGGER CANOES, WAIKIKI BEACH.



SURF-RIDING ON BOARDS AT WAIKIKI BEACH, HONOLULU.

bly at Chicago. Later he won the world's record at Stockholm. Honolulu gave him a royal welcome on his return home and he was lionized throughout the islands. A fund was collected with which to purchase a home for him at Waikiki, within the sound of the surf he so loves.

There is no finer sea-bathing on earth than at Waikiki. This attractive suburb of Honolulu stretches along the shore from the city proper to Diamond Head. It boasts a splendid hotel and many fine residences, including the home of Prince Kuhio Kalaniana'ole, known as Prince Cupid, delegate to Congress from the Territory of Hawaii.

The chief pastime at Waikiki is surf-riding, the national sport of old. It might be called "water-tobogganing." The great ocean roll, unhalting in its two-thousand-mile course, strikes a coral reef off the island, leaping over it in a mighty bound. Out from the beach swims a band of bronze athletes with their shining black surf-boards. Reaching the reef, they wait for a great wave and ride in on its crest. The most daring stand erect with arms outstretched. The sight of a flock

of these water-birds skimming shoreward over the sparkling tropic sea is alone worth the voyage to Hawaii.

In the old days the natives took great care of their surf-boards, rubbing them with coconut oil and wrapping them in *tapa* cloth after each outing. They were made of *koa*, the Hawaiian mahogany, and were longer than those in use today.

A tamer sport, but one much in vogue with those who are not daring swimmers, is canoe-surfing, the outriggers on the long canoes making an upset next to impossible. Two popular clubs here are the Outriggers (a canoe club) and the Trail and Mountain Club, which has cut trails all over the island of Oahu, up to the highest peaks, making travel quite easy.

The trans-Pacific yacht race is becoming a feature of Hawaii. In a recent contest four yachts set sail from San Pedro, in southern California, for Honolulu, representing the San Pedro, San Francisco, British Columbia and Honolulu clubs. The *Lurline* from San Pedro proved the winner.



FLOWER SELLERS, HONOLULU.

Golf, polo, tennis, motoring, in fact, almost every branch of sport, has Hawaiian devotees. In the late afternoon the Country Club in Nuuanu Valley near Honolulu is the meeting place for society, as cosmopolitan and cultured a society as can be found in the largest American city. In depending on itself, Honolulu has gone ahead with tremendous bounds, and is far more metropolitan than many places of equal population. No doubt its being such an important army post has had something to do with it.

Every Washington's Birthday for the last eight years has been celebrated by a floral parade. Those



FEMALE HAWAIIAN RIDING COSTUME.

who have witnessed similar shows in Italy and California agreed that the one here February last established a world's record. Flowers have always been one of the distinctive features of the islands. The natives of old bedecked themselves with garlands, and the prettiest of all Hawaiian customs is the giving of *leis*, or ropes of flowers, in parting. Women sit in rows along the sidewalks offering blossom-chains to the passer-by. This soft tropical land seems a fitting home for the goddess Flora.

As an added attraction, last Floral Day, three thousand American soldiers paraded in the morning and were received by the Governor. The pageant in the afternoon showed six hundred decorated automobiles and other vehicles. While artificial flowers were used by some, because of their lasting quality, prizes were awarded only to natural flower exhibits.

"Princesses" representing the islands of the group were a feature, with their pages and attendants. Then came the *pa'u* riders, one hundred young native women wearing the *pa'u* costume, peculiar to Hawaii, a most unusual garment to the stranger. It looks like a pair of elongated bloomers and would cause a sensation even in Central Park, New York.

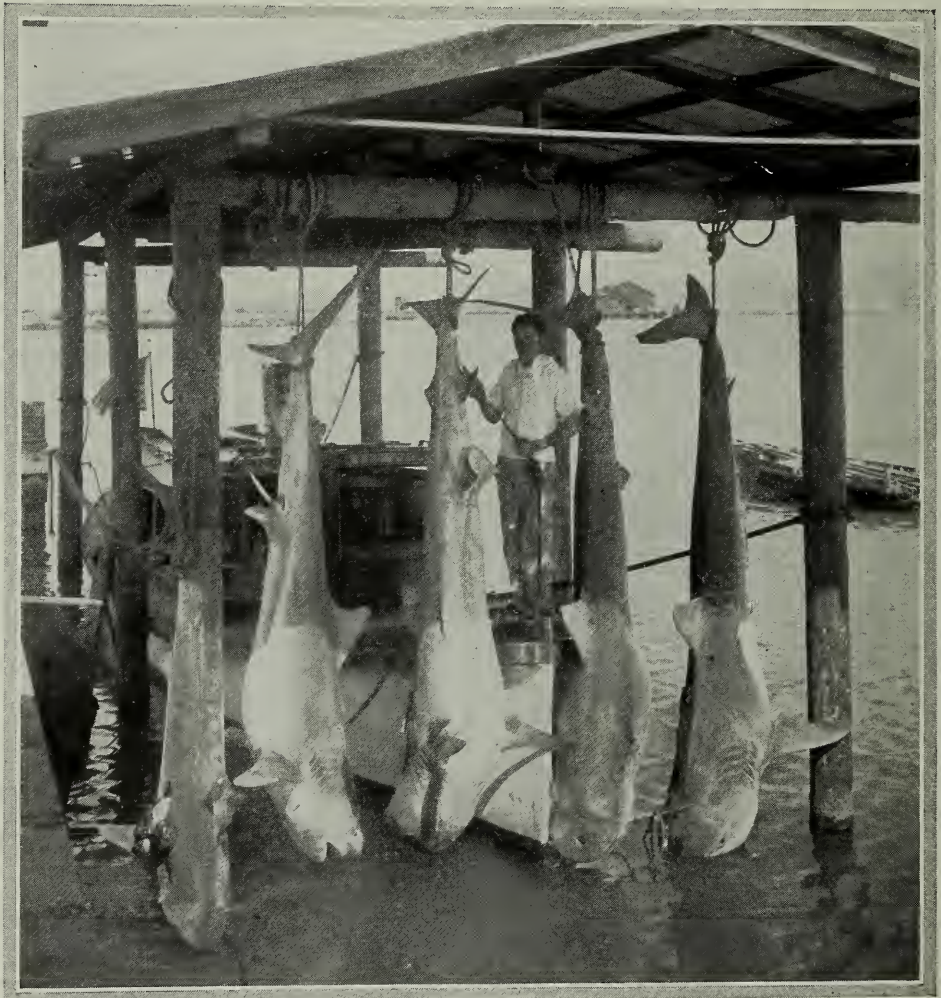
Baseball thrives in Hawaii. All races take to it. Great was the surprise, I may say consternation, when a team composed entirely of Chinese defeated the best nine the United States army could produce.

From 8,000 to 10,000 tourists visit the islands each year. Many linger for months fascinated by the sports on land and sea. Just how much this "crop" is worth to the island is hard to estimate, but it certainly reaches the million-dollar mark. This does not include the trans-Pacific passengers who stop here for a day *en route* to and from the Orient and Australia. There are several steamers each week, so foreign money helps "keep up the camp." Then there are the army transports bound for Manila. They leave San Francisco on the fifth of each month. Pay day is the tenth, just in time for Honolulu, and as they remain over night at the docks, there is little difficulty in annexing the soldier boys' pay envelopes. Consider-

able attention has been given by the Honolulu Promotion Committee to the rotation of crops of visitors who will shed coin into the local cash registers during the four seasons of the year. Formerly the hotels were crowded only in the winter, but each year finds "the season" extended, and even the summer now has its quota of visitors.

It is a curious fact, but the Hawaiians have no word in their language to express the term "weather," due to the fact that there is but a slight range in temperature. The sea breeze is always blowing, so the islanders have the right to invite their fellow Americans over to play "any old time."

"He comes here to fish," remarked the hotel clerk in speak-



SHARKS CAUGHT IN HONOLULU HARBOR.

ing to me of a tanned New Yorker in corduroys. "Sharks! He's mad over them, and there are thousands in these waters. They catch 'em by spearing, the spear attached to a cord, and the rascals put up a tremendous fight. Bother the bathers? Not a bit of it! You see all our beaches are protected by a coral reef and the sharks won't pass it. They hate shallow water, as they must turn over either to attack or defend themselves. But if you want to see some weird fishes, go up to the aquarium."

No lesser authority than Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University, has declared that the Honolulu aquarium is second only in importance to the one in Naples, Italy, and that it surpasses all others in the beauty of its specimens. They certainly have tanked in a most remarkable lot of finny deep-sea comedians. There are some with double noses, others in convict garb. One wise old fish, with a number of ribbon tails, has a fiery red spot on the end of his nose like an old toper. Every color of the rainbow is displayed by this specimen of the finny tribe.

The Japanese, who now practically control the deep-sea fishing, keep the aquarium supplied with "display fish" for a fancy price. Every effort to colonize these strange Hawaiian fish is said to have failed and they can be seen only in their native waters. One finds many of them for sale in the fish markets.

The Chinese attend to the fish ponds, which were much in vogue in the days of the early Hawaiians. They have a system here of raising fish for food, within ponds adjacent to the sea. The Chinese took up the net dropped by the Kanakas and have made the business profitable.

The most unique sport in the islands is "fishing" for flying fish with a shotgun. Launches are used and you take pot-shots at the buzzing blue fish on the wing. This makes a decided hit with the novelty-hunting tourist, who returns to the mainland with a mounted specimen of "a flying fish I shot down in Honolulu." A man who has established a record with clay pigeons remarked to me that this Hawaiian sport is like "shooting at a

blue rock during an earthquake." They recover the fish with a hand net and in contests the umpire acts as scorer. The best record attained up to the time of my visit was eight kills out of ten shots. As one has to shoot from a rolling, pitching boat, it proved to be about the best sport I ever had.

At the time of my visit the more conservative people of the



city were a bit doubtful as to the honor conferred upon them by the new and popular song: "*Hula! Hula! Honolulu!*" The young people seemed to like it, however, and I heard the chorus whistled on every street.

"Yes, it's against the law to dance the *hula*," said a man of whom I inquired. "You see this is still a missionary land, lots of people descended from the good old stock, and they've used their influence against it. There is an



EXAMPLES OF THE HULA-HULA
DANCE, HAWAII.

expurgated edition of the dance at the cheaper theaters to supply a little local color for the tourists, and occasionally, on the quiet, there's a real dance, with the loud thumping missing, so as not to scare up the police."

The *hula-hula* is peculiar to Hawaii, although dances resembling it are found among other races. It has a running accompaniment of song and clanging gourds, and the effect of this savage music on the dancers is magical. In gymnastic contortion and general muscular variation, the *hula* outclasses all other wild, primitive exhibitions.

Another great Hawaiian custom is the *luau*, or native feast out-of-doors, the acme of hospitality. Roast pig, cooked with red-hot stones in an underground oven, is the leading dish; and then there are fish of all kinds, breadfruit and royal pink *poi*, made from the taro plant. Every one sits about in a circle on the ground and dips his fingers into the calabash filled with *poi*, which does not look unlike corn meal.

A few years ago a Congressional party visited the islands and a *luau* was served to them about every day. After two weeks of this woodland feasting, one of the Congressmen chanced to glance in at a window where a home meal was being prepared. Waving his arms frantically he called out to the others:

"Come on, boys, something to eat at last! A real beef-steak! No more 'lulus' for me!"

CHAPTER V.

OUR OCEAN STRONGHOLD.

THE original Hawaiian language is soft and melodious. It was reduced to writing by the American missionaries, who used but twelve letters to convey its five vowels and seven consonants—a, e, i, o, u, h, k, l, m, n, p and w. There are shades of sound in the language that might have admitted of two or three more letters, but it was thought best to use but twelve letters. The words are always soft. Oahu, for example. Try to pronounce it. “O-wah-hu.” That’s it! Now try to remember it, for it means much to you and to me and to our country. The Stars and Stripes wave over it, and it promises to be the most strongly fortified island in the world. We are spending millions on its defense, a guarantee that our flag will never be lowered to a foe from the East.

But why did we select Oahu as our mid-Pacific stronghold? It is not the largest of the Hawaiian group. No, not the largest, but it has an invaluable possession, a landlocked harbor—Pearl Harbor—the only haven within a thousand miles in any direction. For many years—seventy at least—the great nations have coveted Oahu, with its harbor. Kaiser Wilhelm, Emperor of Germany, asked the late Claus Spreckels, Hawaiian sugar king, a German by birth but an American by adoption, to call on him in Berlin. The Kaiser urged Mr. Spreckels to shape affairs so that the flag of Germany might eventually wave over Hawaii.

“I told him ‘No!’” related Mr. Spreckels, accenting his decision by a thump on the table. “I’ll try to fix it so that the American flag shall wave over the islands!”

Great Britain brought forth Queen Emma as a candidate for the throne, but the Americans in Hawaii selected King

Kalakaua, who had their interests at heart, outgeneraling their British cousins.

France also played her hand and, when we finally annexed the islands, Japan entered a protest, which is still on file in Washington, with a lot of other objections to our running our own country.

The vital strategic importance of Pearl Harbor was long known to our Department of State, and its possession was urged by wise and prudent naval officers, who claimed that this mid-ocean fortress, refuge, base and coaling station, was absolutely necessary for the protection, preservation and prosperity of our twenty-five hundred miles of Pacific Coast. If we possessed the Hawaiian Islands and fortified them, no foreign navy, harborless within thousands of miles, could reach our west coast prepared to fight, much less to get away.

President Grant recognized this, and back in 1873 sent General Schofield to the islands to select a site for a naval station. Schofield's report was favorable to Pearl Harbor and Congress was urged to act quickly, but it took eleven years to secure the right to fortify the harbor and twenty-odd years more before we began the work.

Finally our army and navy officials took hold of the gigantic task of making Oahu as impregnable as Gibraltar or the Island of Malta. It did not take them long to decide on the fortifying of the extinct volcano, Diamond Head, the landmark of the island. A climb and a look around! Then the largest mortar battery in the world was placed behind the mountain, the signaling being done from within the very crater itself. The ocean has been platted, target practice conducted, and when the order "Put one in square fifty-one!" is flashed to the battery, the imaginary enemy in square fifty-one "receives the message." Death and destruction belch forth on the phantom foe aiming to invade the islands.

When the natives, still living in superstitious dread of the volcano goddess, first heard of our plans they decided we were mad. The goddess, they announced, would revenge the inva-

sion of her domain. Uncle Sam, however, had his nerve with him!

Punch Bowl, a lesser extinct crater, has been surveyed, and every means will be employed in the defense of Pearl Harbor.

All our army posts are on the southern and western slopes of the island. A mountain range protects Honolulu on the north and east. We have an artillery post at Fort Ruger, directly north of Diamond Head; a battery of three-inch guns at Fort Armstrong and six and fourteen-inch guns at Fort de Russy, both between Diamond Head and Honolulu. Fort Kamehameha, near Pearl Harbor, and Fort Shafer, just out of Honolulu, are also equipped with high-power guns.

The Army Board decided that 15,000 regular soldiers would be required to defend Oahu, augmented by the 3,000 National Guard of Hawaii. In order to raise the requisite number of men the companies of infantry have been filled beyond their war strength, and it is proposed to raise them to 250 men each, which is double their war strength. It is true that in Europe they have companies of 250 men, but they have five officers to a company. Our companies have but three.

There is a limit to the number of men which a given num-



GENERAL VIEW OF PEARL

ber of officers can properly train in peace and efficiently handle on the battlefield in war. When that limit is passed, while the total number of men may be what is wished, the efficiency is far from being what it should be. In other words, after a regiment has reached a certain strength, instead of adding more men to that regiment in order to increase the force, more regiments should be added.

Whenever the condition of our national defense is looked into grave defects always are found. A further examination will always show that these defects have been pointed out to Congress and that Congress has been pleased to disregard them. We are a democracy and democracies are slow in military matters.

Practically all branches of the mobile forces in Oahu have been placed back on the uplands at Schofield barracks, eighteen miles from Honolulu. The soldiers at Schofield are so centrally placed that they can be rushed to the defense of any part of the island.

Recently a mimic war was carried on by the troops, divided into two armies. The location of the barracks was approved, but it was decided that the garrison must be kept up to full strength. This has caused activity in recruiting centers on the

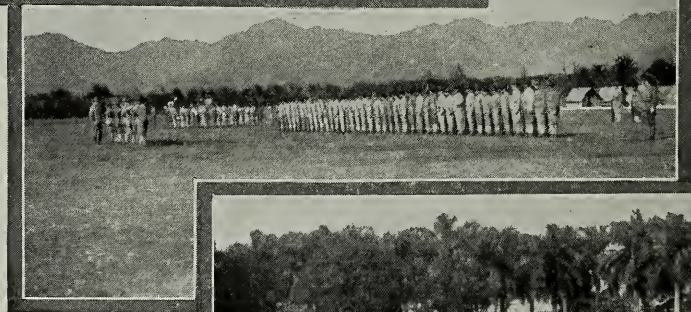


HARBOR, OAHU ISLAND.

mainland and a special line of transports has been established between San Francisco and Honolulu. The capital of Hawaii has taken on a decidedly military appearance.

"There is no use of your taking your camera or photographer to Pearl Harbor or the forts," said a friend of mine in Honolulu. "The Admiral and General don't care to have their works 'over-exposed' while their plans are still undeveloped."

I took the hint and went to Pearl Harbor alone. The world-renowned haven is eight miles from Honolulu. It contains from ten to twelve square miles of deep water and is absolutely calm in any weather. The difficulty of making it practicable lay in the bar at the entrance and in the crooked channel leading to the inner bay. The dredging of the bar was started in 1898 and completed in 1911, the channel straightened, and the cruiser *California* steamed through the four-and-a-half-mile passage into the wonderful bay. The dredging alone cost



UNITED STATES SOLDIERS IN HAWAII.

\$3,000,000, but today our entire navy can find safe anchorage here, with miles of room for our navy-to-be.

The harbor's shores are low and deeply indented. Emerald cane-fields come down to the water's edge, glistening rice fields and patches of taro. On the eastern shore are the seven great industrial buildings, barracks and machine shops, alongside the dry dock. Herein lies a tragedy of failure. But we will try again; in the end Uncle Sam usually succeeds.

Our naval experts decided that a dry dock at Pearl Harbor was a necessity, and their engineers located the site after many



UPPER PICTURE, PAPAYA FRUIT; LOWER, BREADFRUIT,
HAWAII.

tests for a suitable foundation. The contractors' bid for \$4,000,000 was accepted and work begun. The dock was to be one thousand feet long, one hundred and ten feet wide and thirty-five feet deep—a giant dock. Work progressed rapidly, the contractors receiving \$1,500,000 on accepted portions. The foundations and dock floor were built under water. When the work was practically completed and the water was being pumped out, the floor buckled, the side walls fell in and the dock was a total wreck.

The Government has completed an examination of the geological structure of the foundation and it is understood that Admiral Stanford has reported that coral and lava will not support such weight, advising a floating dock. The contractors ask for the \$2,500,000 still due, claiming that the United States should foot the bill. It looks as if we may have to pay \$4,000,000 for a short course of study in geology. It seems that while a coral reef will support a healthy collection of coconut palms, something more substantial is required to cradle a dreadnought.

I met a man from Missouri who was a bit pessimistic as to our security from attack. "All this talk about making volcanoes fight for Uncle Sam is interesting, but it's the soldiers that count!" he declared. "Yes, we will have 15,000 men, but we only have 7,000 here right now, and I'm of the opinion that we need 30,000 at least. Why, the Japs could land 200,000 men within two weeks on the unfortified side of Oahu and they'd swarm over the place like ants. And there are already



NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS,
OAHU ISLAND.

15,000 adult Japs living on the islands who would join their countrymen. You'd better read 'The Valor of Ignorance.'

A military friend eased my fears. "Oahu!" he said. "Why, we are making it as impregnable as human ingenuity can devise. We are rushing our men in and pushing the fortifications. No enemy can attack our Pacific Coast without taking Oahu, and you needn't worry about this little island. It is ours for all time!" I hope so.

There is a splendid highway around and across Oahu and a railway skirts over half the shore line, tapping important sugar estates. Schofield barracks is reached by road and by rail, so that the army people add greatly to the social activity of Honolulu. Sports, dances and varied entertainments at Schofield also attract the society element of the city and on the coast, a few hours' drive from the barracks, is the attractive Haleiwa Hotel, a favorite resort for Saturday night dances and Sunday sea dips. While Oahu may be a bit over-advertised by zealous publicity organizations which flood the mainland with palm-trimmed literature, bordered in sunlit seas and starry skies, the fact remains that the officers like this post as well as any on the list. They have enticed the Chinese cooks from the old Hawaiian families with the bait of higher wages, and in fact have taken possession generally. But why not? Are they not the island's defenders? "And none but the brave deserve the 'fare.'"

"Is this rain going to continue?" I inquired of an old citizen.

"Rain? Why this isn't rain," he replied, "it's what we call liquid sunshine. Don't you see that the sun's out? And look at the rainbow! We always have 'em here."

The truth is, the people do not mind the mistlike rain and I, too, came to disregard it. Under rain and rainbow I drove up the beautiful Nuuanu valley to the Pali, famed as the scenic wonder of Oahu. First past fine town houses and the royal mausoleum, where Hawaiian rulers lie; then out the wide valley road lined with magnificent homes whose spacious grounds are a wonderland of tropical foliage; up a gradual winding ascent, on the well-kept lava and coral highway, to the

very summit of the jagged mountain range. The Pali cliff in the Hawaiian tongue marks the divide, and here a view of amazing grandeur bursts on the traveler. Sixteen hundred feet below lies the hill-strewn plain, washed by the sea. Over this precipice Kamehameha drove 3,000 warriors in the long ago—so the story runs.

The trade-winds which blow from the Pacific nine months in the year bring abundant moisture, and the great rain-carved peaks here seem to notch the sky. The wind is so terrific at this point that a small stream falling over the cliff is often snatched and thrown back in its course. Far below the place of its defeat is the verdant plain and sea-lapped shore, now seen through mist, now in a patch of brilliant sunshine. The Hawaiians of old believed that a god dwelt on these heights, gazing eastward over the waters from whence no ship had ever come. Pali is Oahu's lookout facing our Pacific Coast, which it is bound to defend.



NATIVES MAKING SEED LEIS OR WREATHS, OAHU ISLAND.

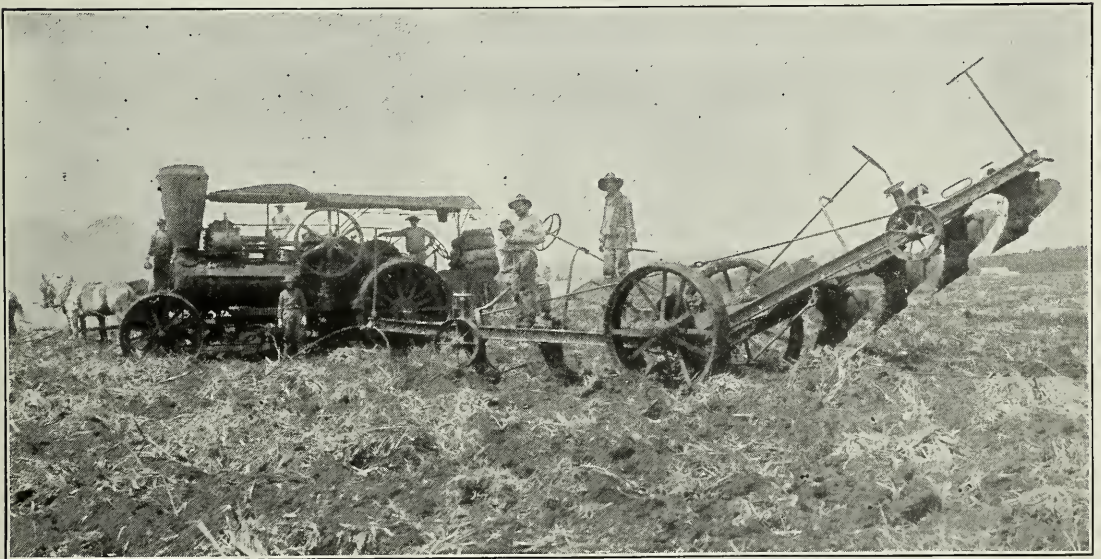
CHAPTER VI.

KING CANE AND HIS COURT.

THE Hawaiian Islands have known many rulers since they thrust their volcanic heads out of the depths of the ocean, but to King Sugar Cane, the powerful, the greatest tribute has been paid. Of late his subjects have been in deepest gloom. Their king is in grave danger, they claim. He may recover from his present illness, due to low prices, but his very life is threatened, they declare, by the assassin, "Free Sugar."

Captain Cook reported that the Kanakas were chewing sugar cane when he discovered them. They gave little time to its cultivation, focusing all their attention on the taro root, on which they fattened puppies for special feasts. Cane, however, got a fine start, nourished by good luck, and in time became the dominant industry of the islands. Its story reads like an Arabian Night's tale.

Fifty years ago the planters exported 250 tons of sugar. Last year the export reached 600,000 tons. This is the one



PLOWING LAND FOR SUGAR CANE.



LOADING CANE ON FLAT CARS, OAHU ISLAND.

product which has been developed to its full capacity and, directly or indirectly, all other industries are dependent on it.

The islands are blessed with the best of sugar soil. For centuries lava has been washing down from the heights, forming rich tracts along the seacoast. These lowlands are now devoted almost entirely to the production of cane; in fact, all the suitable sugar land has been taken up by the planters. There are fifty of these great estates, and they are owned, without exception, by corporations. This incorporating spirit has been so developed that Hawaii is the best organized business community in the world. Practically every enterprise, from a peanut stand up, is handled by a corporation.

The fifty companies form a unit—the Sugar Planters' Association—which is more powerful than the territorial government itself. It has well been called "The Hawaiian House of Lords."

Behind the Planters' Association are its mighty trustees, nine of them, although the great bulk of the business is done by five. As business men, they have conducted affairs with rare intelligence. It has been a case of farming with brains.

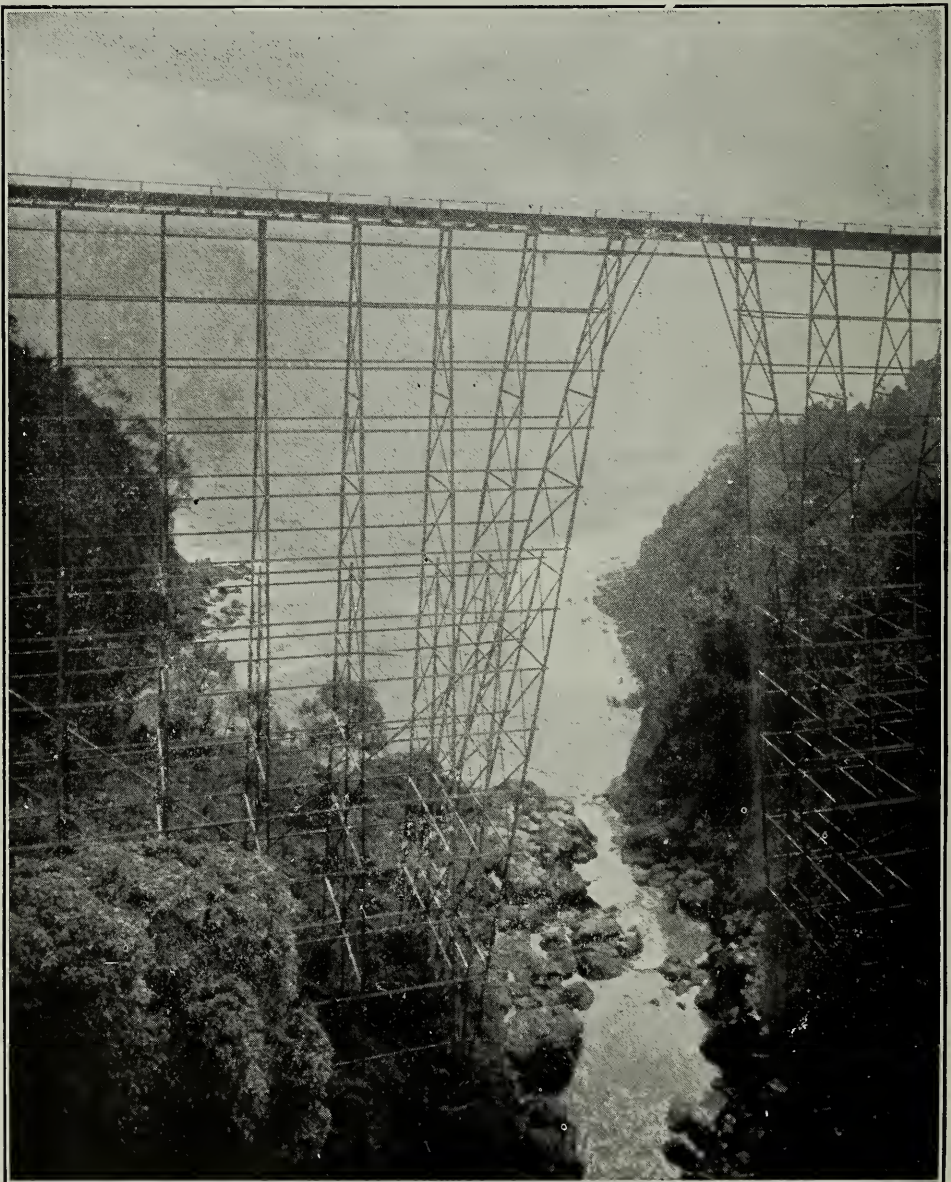
Away back in 1851, the manager of what is now the Honolulu Iron Works invented the "centrifugal" for drying sugar. Until this wonderful machine came into use, molasses was drained through brush, the sugar never becoming very dry and always of a dark color.

When the Civil War cut off the sugar supply from the Southern States, Hawaii's output jumped up to 9,000 tons. But it was the treaty with the United States in 1887 that gave the islands their real boom, when Uncle Sam agreed to allow Hawaiian sugar to come in free of duty in exchange for a naval base at Pearl Harbor. Since then it has been easy sailing. The former protective tariff of \$34 per ton on the sugar of other nations permitted the working of thousands of acres of Hawaiian land which, they claim, but which I doubt, would not have been profitable otherwise. Today there are 200,000 acres of cane under cultivation, an acre for every inhabitant. Lands have been reclaimed by irrigation, artesian water pumped to higher levels and distributed by flumes. Many mountain reservoirs have been built, feeding thousands of ditches. Imported fertilizer has been used with no sparing hand. Today Hawaii is producing over four tons of cane per acre, while Cuba's average is but slightly over two tons. Just stop to consider what this means: 600,000 tons per year from islands with only 200,000 inhabitants! Three tons per inhabitant, or fifty times their own weight in sugar!

Of course there have been problems to solve. A few years ago a wicked leaf-hopper devastated the plantations. Men were dispatched to many parts of the world in search of a parasite to kill the hopper. They found one and the cane was saved. Then there have been the labor problems. Uncle Sam excluded the Chinese. The Japanese struck for higher pay, managing to get \$1 per day, with a bonus for working a full month. Then the Japs were prohibited from coming in

and the planters were obliged to gather field hands from the four corners of the earth.

Naturally, fortunes have been stacked up, with a crop selling close to \$50,000,000 annually, one-third of which was clear profit. The Ewa is one of the big plantations. Its original stockholders put up \$1,000,000 and received 5 per cent per month in profits. Finally they had a stock dividend and \$4,000,000 in new stock was distributed among the shareholders. Even after that they received 18 per cent dividends, or 90 per cent on the original investment.



FLUME CONVEYING WATER FOR IRRIGATING SUGAR CANE.

“How many stockholders are there in these corporations?” I asked a man who sold sugar machinery.

“Over 9,000, but they are small ones; the bulk of the stock is owned by the Big Five,” he said. “You see, the old missionaries had the best chance to get hold of the land—the Cookes, the Castles, the Alexanders and others. Have you ever heard why Oahu is the richest island in the world? Well, it has a Diamond Head; a Pearl Harbor; the largest Punch Bowl on earth; it is filled with Castles and all the Cookes are millionaires. But, seriously, the missionary families have been very liberal in giving large sums of money to charity and for the improvement of the islands generally.”

Early German and English settlers also acquired large tracts of land, many of them marrying Hawaiian women who held title to it, and a few full-blooded natives somehow held on to their property and are able now to live in idleness on their rentals.

“What show is there for a white settler?” I asked an old timer.

“Well,” he said, “it’s been a bit discouraging in the past, with all the best land gobbled up by the sugar kings. But there’s still a chance to homestead on Government land which has only been leased to the planters, and now these leases are running out. You can imagine the influence that is being brought to bear for the renewal of the leases. The Government fears that even though the land is given to homesteaders, they may later sell out to the sugar barons, creating a land monopoly for all time. This has been the live political issue in Hawaii.”

And what will really happen with sugar free? I heard many opinions expressed.* Some say the sugar grower in Hawaii is not in a position to compete with the world. It was pointed out to me that it takes eighteen months to raise a crop of cane in Hawaii, while in Cuba nature produces a crop in

*Note:—As this volume goes to press word comes from Hawaii that, owing to the present European war and consequent higher prices for sugar, the feeling and financial situation in the islands are improving.

from ten to twelve months. Much irrigation is necessary in Hawaii. The fertilizer comes, mainly, from Chile, a rather long haul. Freight is expensive and the sugar can go to the mainland only on ships flying the American flag and charging higher freight rates than foreign ships. This is one side of the case. Some will tell you six per cent looks like a loss to capital paying ninety per cent.

Then the Hawaiians fear competition from Formosa and Borneo, where labor is very cheap. The Honolulu Iron Works recently built several complete sugar mills for Formosa, which is now part of the Japanese empire.



Some of the men I talked with were optimistic, believing that all the plantations would continue, even with greatly reduced dividends, and that other industries would grow. They were hopeful that a new combined cane cutter

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLES.

and loader, just invented by a local engineer, would greatly reduce the expense of labor. The rough model did fine work and much is expected from the perfected machine.

Pineapples have a great future in Hawaii. Last year over 1,000,000 cases, of two dozen two-pound cans, were exported, and the 1913 crop sold for about \$5,000,000. The largest pineapple cannery in the world is in Honolulu. The growers receive \$22 per ton for first-quality pines and \$14 for smaller sizes. Some good pineapple land has recently been placed on the market by the Government, attracting a number of American homesteaders. Pineapple juice is bottled and sent abroad as a summer beverage. A farmer who has ten acres in pines told me that he realized a profit of \$2,500 last year.

The *algaroba* industry made the deepest impression on me. I saw the original tree, brought to Oahu from Central America by Father Bertolott in 1837. Now the trees are all over the islands, and from the pods a meal is made for food for live



CARABAO, OR WATER BUFFALO, BROUGHT FROM THE FAR EAST TO WORK IN RICE FIELDS.



IN A RICE FIELD, HAWAII.

stock. Two companies have been organized and the United States Government has purchased the entire output of one mill for use by the cavalry at Schofield barracks. *Algaroba* meal sells for \$24 per ton and is considered a well-balanced ration. The remarkable part of the industry is that the pods begin to drop just as the school vacations start, so children gather the harvest at \$10 per ton. One company plans to set out 1,000,000 trees, and gather the pods by a machine rake, so *algaroba* meal may some day be popular all over the United States.

Rice is cultivated on about 12,000 acres, but there is a general depression in the industry. Only Chinese labor is available and this is getting scarce. Experienced Asiatics alone seem to understand the work. Water buffaloes plod beside their masters in the mud, strong, patient creatures, imported from the Orient. The rental for rice land is high, hence it is difficult to make a profit.

Coffee, cotton, sisal, honey and soy beans are among the lesser industries. Coffee is one of the oldest industries and

about half the crop finds a local market. The future for cotton lies in the controlling of insect pests, which have become the great problem of Hawaii. There are about 3,000 acres now in sisal, which promises to become an important industry. The island honey is peculiar, less than 20 per cent being floral honey, the balance honey-dew from the sugar-cane leaf-hopper. The soy beans are used in the manufacture of soy sauce, so popular in China and India.

At the hotel I learned that the asparagus, artichokes and cauliflower served to us came from California and do not prosper in Hawaii. They have had every sort of insect pest, one of the worst being the Mediterranean fruit fly, which has played havoc with citrus fruits, mangoes, peaches, guavas, figs and avocados. Bananas and pineapples have escaped the scourge, so they can be shipped to the mainland. Plant pests



OLD-TIME HAWAIIANS PREPARING RICE.

once introduced on the islands run riot, as there is no cold weather to check them. An Italian scientist, dispatched by the territorial government to West Africa recently, returned with an enemy which fairly dotes, he declares, on Mediterranean flies, preferring them to anything on the bill of fare. We hope he may not be oversanguine.

The introduction of enemies, however, is often dangerous. The Minah birds, brought from Australia to attack a pest, have chased about all the other birds off the islands. The mongoos, imported to kill the rats, have followed in the spirit of harmony among races, so noticeable in Hawaii, and wedded the rats. Today there is a new breed, half mongoos, half rat.

The *kukui*, or candlenut, is native to Hawaii. Kanaka torches of old were strings of *kukui* nuts, ten or twelve of them, all aglow, on the rib of a coconut leaf. Today 10,000 gallons of *kukui* nut oil is exported from the islands, used in preserving wood, as a paint oil, and, to a limited extent, for medical purposes. As a paint oil it is said to be superior to linseed.

The most promising of the newer industries is that of tobacco, just emerging from the experimental stage. A cigar factory has already been started with Hawaiian and Filipino workmen. The ancient Hawaiians knew nothing about the use of tobacco, but when it was introduced by the whites they quickly adopted it and passed the pipe around the circle as the American Indians did. The old chiefs carried their tobacco in coconut shells and used pipes of great size carved out of whale ivory. Today the Hawaiians use the weed in the world's prevailing fashions.

CHAPTER VII.

SOME GREAT VOLCANOES.

IN CALIFORNIA the question oftenest put to visitors is: "What do you think of our climate?" In Hawaii it is: "What do you think of our volcanoes?" In truth, one might as well visit Rome and miss the Vatican or go to Washington and stay away from the Capitol as to visit Hawaii and not take a look at its volcanoes.

Almost every other person in Honolulu will tell you that they have the greatest active volcano on earth over on the island of Hawaii. As a side attraction they offer the greatest extinct volcano in the world on the island of Maui.

They do not advertise the leper settlement on the island of Molokai, but it has always had a strange fascination for me, so I determined to see it on my way back from the volcanoes. At the Inter-Island Steamship office we paid twenty-five dollars each for round-trip tickets, including visits to all points of interest except the leper settlement. We found that we would have to make a special trip to the leper colony, as visitors must obtain a permit from the Government.

The rough sea on the inter-island voyage is notorious, hence we were pleased to learn that the *Mauna Kea*, on which we booked passage, is the largest of a fleet of six vessels, boasting a tonnage of 1,500. We were off at ten o'clock in the morning on a boisterous sea. The boat jumped about like an acrobat and nearly all the passengers paid tribute to Neptune. That day we "made" two ports on the island of Maui, but I kept on to Hawaii, which we coasted the next morning, counting thirty waterfalls tumbling down the verdant cliffs marking its northern shore. We docked at Hilo, the chief city of the island, 200 miles from Honolulu, after twenty-one hours of actual steaming.

Hawaii is the big island of the group—in fact, larger than all the other islands combined. Its area of 4,000 square miles puts it above Porto Rico, and it is only a trifle smaller than the State of Connecticut. Hilo, with 7,000 inhabitants, is the second city of the islands. The sugar produced near Hilo is sent directly to San Francisco and New York. On the other side of the island from Hilo, called the Kona Coast, the larger portion of the coffee produced in the islands is grown, over three and a half million pounds annually.

Hilo is, of course, nearer San Francisco than is Honolulu and nearer the Panama Canal, so is destined to be a port of call for big passenger and freight steamers crossing the Pacific. The United States Government is spending \$3,000,000 on a breakwater which will transform the open roadstead into a safe harbor. The sun came out between showers as we landed at Hilo and the air was warm and muggy. A fellow voyager told me that it rains every day in the year here and the rich vegetation made me credit the statement. The city is splendidly situated, with the two highest island mountains in the world



A PART OF HALEAKALA CRATER, ISLAND OF MAUI. LARGEST EXTINCT VOLCANO IN THE WORLD.

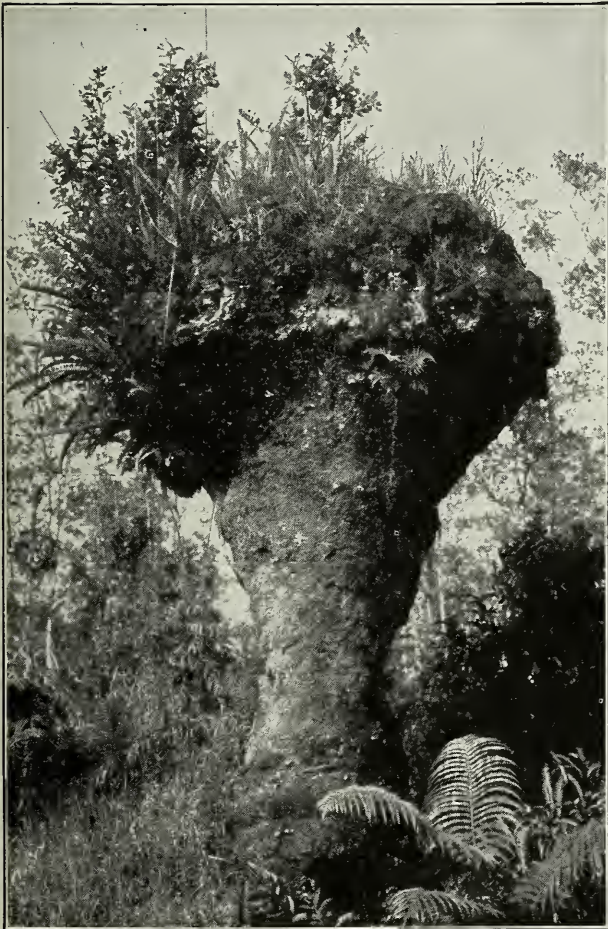
as a background, Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, rising 13,825 and 13,675 feet above sea level. From their true bases at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, these mountains are about 30,000 feet high. Clearly, there is plenty of water at this point!

Mauna Loa is the king of volcanoes. It has disgorged more material during the past century than any volcano in existence. Its great flow of 1855, alone, would nearly build Vesuvius. Kilauea, the great active crater, which travelers visit, is on the southeastern slope of Mauna Loa, about 4,000 feet above the sea.

The only standard-gauge railroad in the islands carries one twenty-two miles from Hilo, within eight miles of the Volcano House, this distance being covered by motor omnibus. We

decided to go all the way by automobile and, equipped with heavy coats for the rain and cold, started on the thirty-mile trip.

Passing fields of cane, we came to uncleared forest where there are many lava casts, or tree molds. Years ago liquid lava piled up around the trunks of trees, hardening before the trunks were burned away. Now they stand as gigantic vases in which small trees and ferns are growing. We came to a sawmill where huge *chia* trees are cut into railroad ties to be shipped to the mainland. This wood grows very hard with age. I was greatly impressed with the giant tree ferns in the forest, some of them thirty feet high.



6 LAVA TREE MOLDS, HAWAII.



LOOKING INTO THE CRATER OF KILAUEA VOLCANO.

After the twenty-five mile post we passed the forest belt and came into the region of recent lava flows. A sharp turn in the road, a whiff of sulphur and we were at the Volcano House, three miles from the crater.

Next morning we made a call on the mighty Kilauea. We did not carry *ohelo* berries with us, the Hawaiian custom, to throw into the burning lake as a sacrifice to Pele, the volcano goddess. From time immemorial the natives have feared Pele. She it is who orders the time and season of eruptions. The brittle floss spun from the molten lava by the wind is Pele's hair. Kapiolani, one of the noble women of old Hawaii, dared to defy this goddess. Becoming a convert to Christianity, she tried to break the superstition of her people by showing them that God was stronger than Pele. Making a pilgrimage of one hundred miles to the crater, she sat on its edge and ate the sacred *ohelo* berries, threw stones instead into the chasm, and said:

"Jehovah is my God. He kindles these fires. I fear not Pele. If I perish by her anger, then you may fear her; but if I trust Jehovah and He preserves me, then you must fear and serve Him alone." Pele failed to "call her bluff," and the natives were greatly impressed, if not converted.

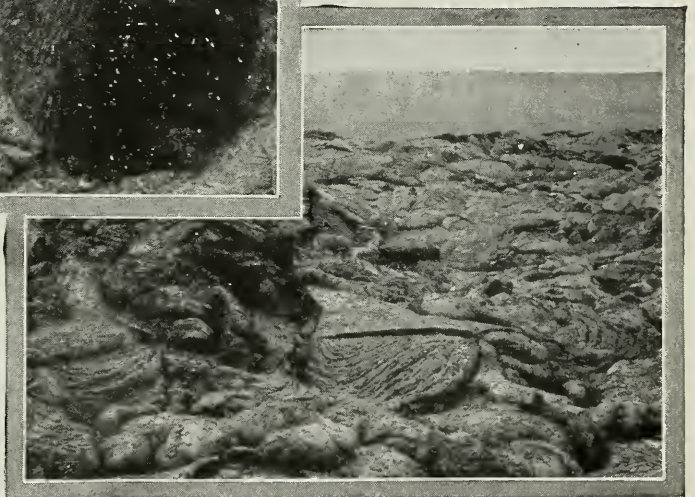
The crater is three miles across and 700 feet deep. It has been the scene of terrific explosions in past ages, but has now dwindled to a small active crater sunk in the middle, like a huge pot. This is Halemaumau, "The House of Everlasting Fire," the Castle of Pele. This cavity is about 1,000 feet across, and in it is a lake of fire, a regular devil's caldron. The huge kettle of molten metal has boiled over many times.

One of the most terrific eruptions on Mauna Loa occurred on July 4, 1899, a sort of Hawaiian celebration of the Glorious Fourth, their first opportunity after joining the Union. The lava flow came within a few miles of Hilo, the third time the town has been threatened. Recently a volcano and earthquake

observatory has been constructed at Kilauea under the auspices of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The Govern-



ment plans to make the territory which includes the volcanoes of Kilauea and Mauna Loa into a national park. Re-



EXAMPLES OF LAVA FLOW
AT KILAUEA.

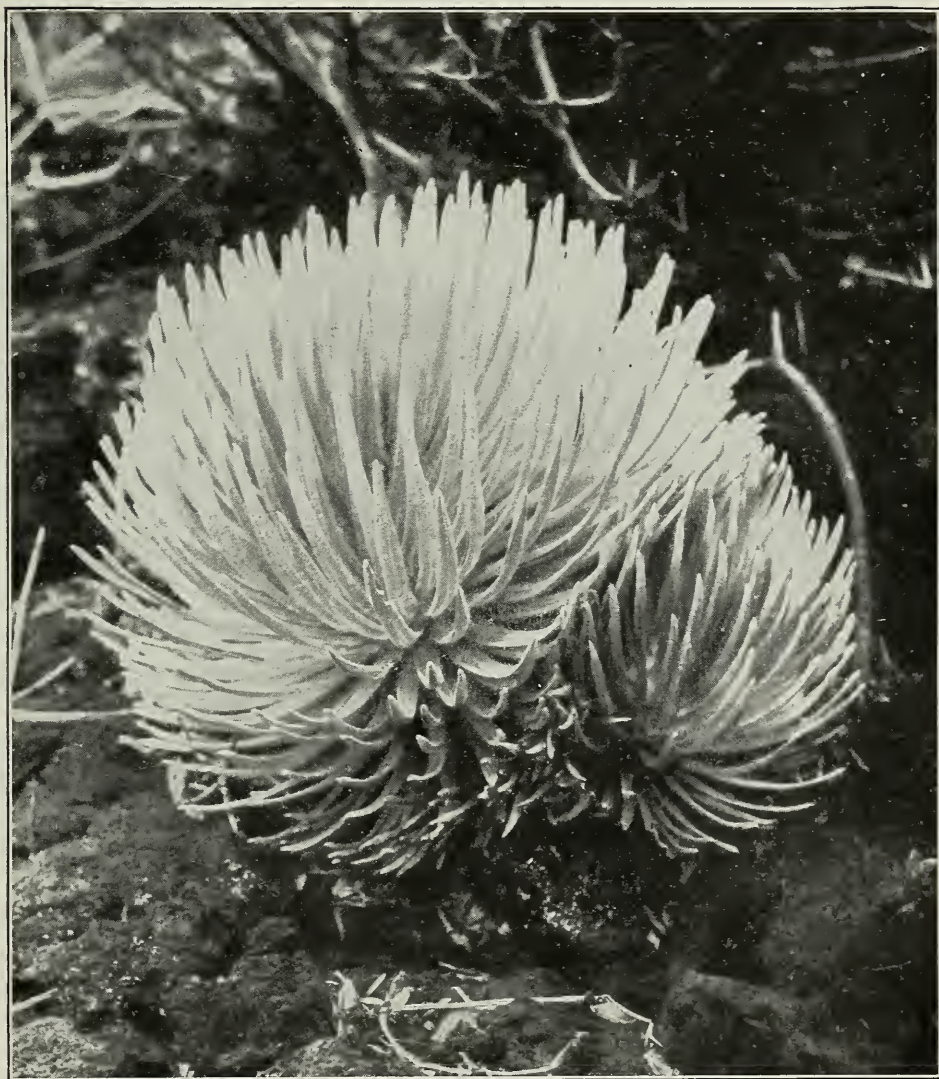


TOURISTS SCORCHING POST CARDS IN THE HOT FISSURES OF
KILAUEA'S LAVA.

turning to Hilo to embark for Maui, I visited a school where Hawaiian boys are given manual training—the Hilo Boarding School by name, interesting as being the very one on which General Armstrong modeled Hampton Institute in Virginia.

Maui is the second island of the group. It boasts the largest sugar mill on earth, a valley which is called “the Other Yosemite” and a volcano, which, though dead, holds the world’s record for size. The journey to the summit of Haleakala, or “House of the Sun,” is by rail from the port of Kahului to a point twenty-two miles from the crater, then by carriage or automobile for seven miles, the remaining fifteen being accomplished in the saddle.

Sunrise at Haleakala is worth a more difficult journey, a view unexcelled in grandeur, perhaps, the world over. We stood 10,000 feet above the sea, on the rim of a giant bowl, a dead volcano twenty miles in circumference. There are two gaps in the wall through which lava poured in prehistoric times. Through these portals, at dawn, multi-colored clouds drift seaward. On the brink of this vast abyss, we felt we were above the very world itself. It is no wonder that people of all races build temples on mountain heights.



SILVER SWORD. THIS QUEER PLANT GROWS IN THE EXTINGUISHED CRATER OF HALEAKALA, 10,000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LEPER COLONY.

THE famous leper settlement on the Island of Molokai is labeled "*Tabu!*" In the old days, before the white man came to Hawaii, all the common people had to heed the many "*Tabu*" or "Forbidden" signs, and offenders were put to death. Today the isolated triangle of land, guarded by mountain wall and sea, which has given Molokai its melancholy celebrity, is the only forbidden spot on the islands. As I previously remarked, visitors wishing to go there must obtain a special permit from the Government.

Molokai is not, as generally supposed, given over entirely to lepers. Only a peninsula on the northern shore is set apart for the afflicted ones, victims of a disease that is as old as history and so terrible that centuries ago it was customary to burn lepers alive. The leper settlement is almost inaccessible from the rest of the island, as on three sides is the ocean and on the fourth it is shut off by a precipice 2,000 feet in height. The 5,000-acre tract is so well guarded that there can be no communication between it and the other inhabitants of Molokai, and there is no way by means of which the lepers can escape.

Twenty-five years ago there were 1,200 lepers on the island. The number has decreased to 622. In Honolulu there is a receiving hospital where lepers are first taken for treatment. Of the total 728 cases under observation, 623 are Hawaiians, forty-three Portuguese, thirty-one Chinese, seven Japanese, five Germans, five Americans and fourteen from other nations.

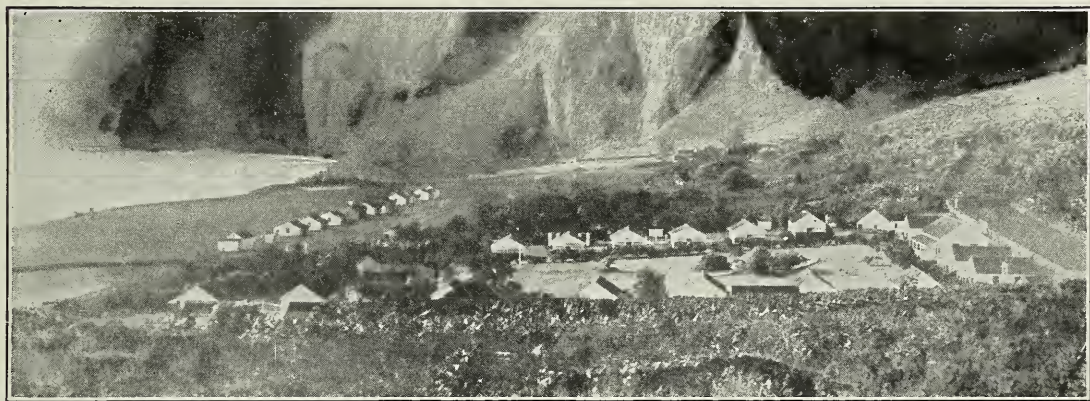
"Why don't you stamp it out?" I asked a doctor.

"We have recommended that a periodical examination be made of every person on the islands," he said, "but it has met with opposition because of the tax to cover expenses. There

is no doubt but that the disease is slowly decreasing. Yes, it is a germ disease, and can be transmitted by the mosquito, some investigators claim. The mosquito is our greatest menace and we have played in luck to keep our two yellow fever cases from spreading."

A Swiss scientist, Professor Raoul Pictet, who invented liquefied air, claims to have discovered a "cold cure" for leprosy. The intense cold of liquefied carbon dioxide, locally applied, destroys the microbes and the flesh regains its original health and color. This is being given a trial at Molokai, but it is too early to make any positive statement regarding it.

At the recent International Medical Congress in London the head of the British Government's medical service in India



THE LEPER SETTLEMENT ON MOLOKAI ISLAND.

reported a number of instances in which leprosy had been cured, a new vaccine treatment having been successful. Experiments made on Molokai resulted in the efforts of the British to check leprosy in India. In recent years science has made great progress in the treatment of the scourge and the accomplishments of American medical men have been of great value.

Why leprosy occurs in certain places and not in others is one of the mysteries of medicine. The disease is mentioned in the earliest chronicles of man, references to it having been found in the records of the ancient Egyptians. In the early centuries of the Christian era the affliction spread all over

Europe and every city had its leper house. For no cause that any one could assign, it began to disappear early in the sixteenth century. Climate apparently has no influence on leprosy, for when it subsided throughout most of Europe it persisted in Norway, Iceland, Spain and the islands of the Mediterranean Sea. In Asia it is to be found from India to Siberia, and it exists in many parts of Africa. In the West Indies it has reached alarming proportions at times. It has been introduced into the United States innumerable times, but never got a foothold except in Louisiana, where there has been a small leper colony for many years. If the United States were a country for lepers, the importation of African slaves in the early days would have brought the disease. The Chinese have not established it in our country, though there are a few cases among these people on the Pacific Coast.

Leprosy is not so contagious as is generally supposed; it is communicated from man to man, but seems to require extreme intimacy of association. There are several forms of the disease. When patients are sent to Kalaupapa, the leper settlement, they are permitted to marry lepers. There are thirty-three non-leprous children in the colony, isolated from the others. In special schools in Honolulu are sixty-one of these children, born of lepers on Molokai, who have escaped the disease.

Kalaupapa, from the sea, is a pretty place. A guarded trail leads up the bluff behind it. The houses are comfortable, the hospitals are the best. Everything possible is done to make the poor wretches contented. They even have a motion-picture theater. In fact, life is made so agreeable that frequently a member of the colony, pronounced cured and free to leave, asks to be permitted to remain. There are ninety-three officers and assistants caring for the patients, who do a little in the way of agriculture, but who are really supported by the Government.

In the leper village there stands a cross, sheltered by the boughs of a tree and inclosed by a plain iron fence. This monument marks the grave of Joseph de Veuster, Father

Damien, who was one of the noblest characters the world ever produced. Impelled by his love of humanity, he gave the better part of his life to the outcast lepers, dying a martyr to his devotion. Father Damien went to the Hawaiian Islands as a missionary and shortly afterward at his own request he was sent to the settlement on Molokai. He found conditions wretched. The water supply was unfit, the food was bad, the unfortunates were ill-clothed and ill-housed. All this failed to dismay him, and it was not long until he had made remarkable improvements and had brightened the lives of the hopeless exiles. The world at that time knew nothing of what he was accomplishing with virtually no assistance. He built a church and even personally dug the graves of many of the parishioners whom he buried. Finally, when he realized that the day which he had not feared had come, that he had contracted the disease, Father Damien did not flinch. Instead he welcomed the misfortune as binding him more closely to his people; he was now able to say "We lepers" in his sermons. His simple, heroic life and death attracted wide attention, and the work he had done on Molokai, and the facts he had learned, proved of immense value in dealing with leprosy elsewhere. Other missionaries, of all faiths, have unselfishly devoted their



THE "BARKING SANDS," ISLAND OF KAUAI.



DEPARTING FROM HAWAII WREATHED IN LEIS.

lives to ministering to the lepers, and the world can but recognize this as one of the noblest forms of heroism.

Kauai is the most northerly of the Hawaiian Islands and the oldest. Its mountains towered skyward before its sisters were born. It is called "The Garden Isle" and is, perhaps, the most picturesque. It is the least touched by civilization, in spite of its wide, cultivated acres, and is an ideal spot for camping parties and for sportsmen on the lookout for wary mountain goats.

One of the pastimes that appeals to visitors on Kauai is sliding on the sands. The wind on the hills makes the sands "bark" and rustle like silk. To slide down them produces a sound like thunder. It is a startling and strange experience.

The little island of Niihau, lying seventeen miles from Kauai, is a private estate, devoted largely to sheep raising.

Lanai and Kahoolawe complete the island group, eight in all. We saw Lanai advertised for sale while we were in Honolulu, so there is still a chance to become "King of an Ocean Isle." Kahoolawe, the baby isle, is so dry that it is blowing away. The rainfall there does not seem to be very evenly distributed.

Very musical indeed is the Hawaiian tongue, even if it has only twelve letters in its alphabet. Many think it is sweeter than Italian.

The heart word in the language is *Aloha*, used in greeting and in parting, the word which means love and friendship and remembrance and all that is best in life. Americans on the islands have adopted it, with the *leis*, or flower garlands, they give you when you leave, and as you stand by the rail of the steamer wreathed in blossoms, waving to your friends on the pier, you hear them call to you, over the waters:

"*Aloha! Aloha! Aloha-o-e!*" The call is both a blessing and farewell.

PORTO RICO

Area, 3,606 square miles—Population, present estimate, 1,200,000; according to 1910 census there were 732,555 whites, 50,245 negroes, 335,192 mulattoes and a few Chinese and Japanese—Capital, San Juan; population, about 50,000—Governor, Arthur Yager—Chief products, sugar, tobacco, coffee, pineapples, grapefruit, oranges, sea island cotton, textile fibers, phosphate and vegetables—Assessed property valuation, 1913, \$179,271,023; public debt, \$4,876,747; police force, 700 men; military force, 590—Exports to the United States, 1913, \$40,536,623; imports from United States, \$33,155,005; foreign exports, \$8,564,942; foreign imports, \$3,745,057—Highways, over 1,000 miles; railway, 220 miles.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST GLIMPSES.

MY INTEREST in Porto Rico dates from the turbulent months just preceding the Spanish-American War. At that time I had seen that the conflict was inevitable and had determined to give the readers of my papers first-hand information from the prospective seat of war. With this in view I hastened to Cuban waters and chartered the *Three Friends*. She was a filibustering steam tug that had done good work for the Cuban Junta, and had a record for speed.

At the time I took command of the *Three Friends* her captain was under arrest for violation of the neutrality laws. The United States marshals were aboard the vessel to keep the captain in custody. Even when war was declared against Spain no word was received from the United States authorities releasing my captain. The marshals did not know just what to do, and I took them to sea with me and boarded them during my activities in Cuban waters.

To keep the Spaniards interested the United States fleet bombarded Havana occasionally, but took care to do no great

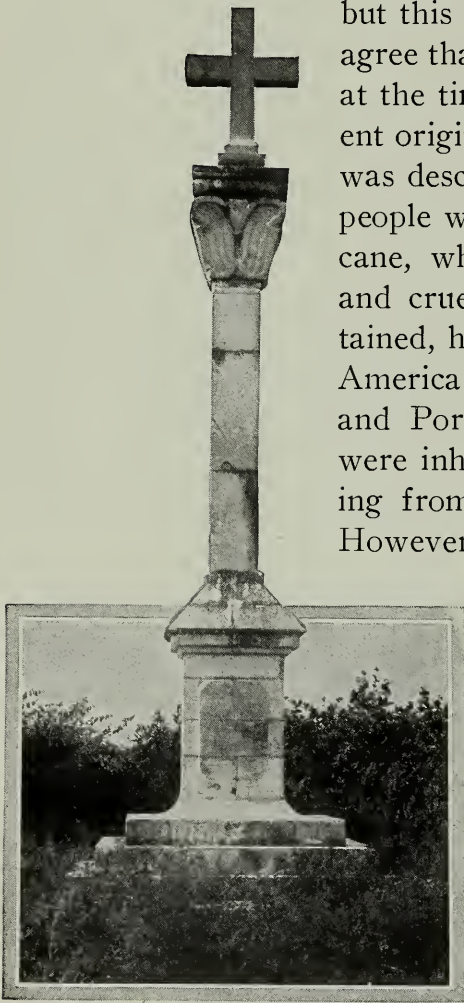
damage to the city, because we knew it would soon be under American protection. Before our fleet landed General Miles and his army in Porto Rico, I headed for that island with the *Three Friends*. A general order had been issued, however, that no vessels were to be allowed to precede the naval flotilla, and I was turned back. So, you see, I was interested in Porto Rico before the United States flag was raised there.

Porto Rico (rich port) is an island lying in the Atlantic 1,420 miles southeast of New York, about 1,000 miles east of Key West, 1,200 miles from the Panama Canal Zone, and 3,450 miles from Land's End, England. It approximates 100 miles in length, with an average width of about thirty-four miles. It is fourth in size of the Greater Antilles. Its position is peculiarly favorable for commerce, since it lies contiguous to the English and French Windward Islands, the islands of Saint Thomas, Saint John and Santa Cruz, and only a few days' sail from the coast of Venezuela. It is striking and picturesque in appearance, a kind of mountainous tropic garden, with stretches of lofty table-lands in the interior and fertile valleys opening out upon the surrounding sea in all directions. It is well watered and one of the most healthful islands of the West Indies. The present population is estimated at 1,200,000.

The history of Porto Rico is a strange, romantic and, in many respects, awful story. From the date of its discovery by Christopher Columbus in 1493 until it came under the American flag in 1898, the island was continuously a Spanish possession. Being a small country, only three times the size of our smallest State, Rhode Island, the Spaniards were able to keep it under the iron heel of subjection through four centuries. The people who colonized it were a mixture of criminals and peasant stock and accustomed to a harsh form of government. There were no general revolutions such as made Cuba often a great battlefield, although Porto Rico sympathized with the sister island. Once a liberating army from South America reached Porto Rico, but it was unsuccessful.

Columbus sighted the south coast November 16, 1493, then sailed along until he came to "the last angle in the west coast." Here he landed, near the present town of Aguadilla, and filled his casks at a spring still known as the Columbus Spring. I visited the spot where the great discoverer came ashore and found it almost as wild as when he claimed it for Ferdinand and Isabella. Under the palms in an open pasture stands a cross, a monument erected by local patriotism in 1893, that commemorates the momentous event.

The natives whom Columbus found in this region some investigators have claimed were members of the Carib race, but this has been disputed. The best authorities agree that the West Indian Islands were occupied at the time of discovery by three races of different origin. The race that inhabited the Bahamas was described by Columbus as a simple, peaceful people whose only weapon was a sort of pointed cane, while the Caribs were a savage, warlike and cruel race who, as nearly as can be ascertained, had invaded the West Indies from South America by way of the Orinoco River. Cuba and Porto Rico and some of the other islands were inhabited, it is believed, by a race originating from the southern part of North America. However this may be, clearly the original inhabitants of Porto Rico were powerless to combat the aggressions of the Spaniards and became their slaves. The story is a terrible one. Some old historians believed that there were at least 600,000 of these natives. I hardly think it possible, because twenty-five years later word was sent to Spain that there were not enough Indians left to work the mines. In 1543 the Bishop of San Juan reported

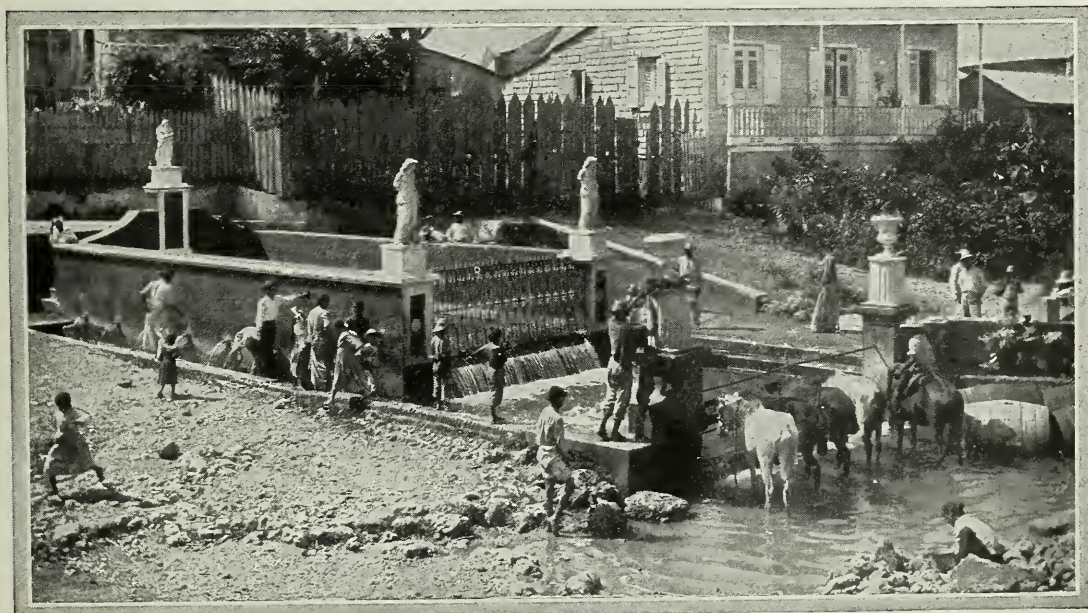


MONUMENT ON SPOT WHERE
COLUMBUS FIRST LANDED
NEAR AGUADILLA.

that only sixty Indians remained on the island. The original number was probably 6,000 instead of 600,000.

As was the case elsewhere, at first the Indians looked on the Spaniards as visitors from Heaven. They thought the white men were immortal, but Spanish cruelty goaded them into putting their theory to the test. Catching a settler named Salcedo, they held him under water until life was extinct. Then to make certain that he would not rise from the dead they watched beside the body for a number of days. One by one they were convinced by the odor of decay. When it was impossible to stay longer in the neighborhood they started out to massacre every white person on the island.

One man escaped from a settlement on the west coast and made his way to Ponce de León, the Governor, at San Juan. On hearing the news, the man who was later to seek for the fountain of youth in Florida set about exterminating the natives. He killed so many that there was never any organized resistance afterward. In San Juan now an imposing statue is being erected to honor Ponce de León. In the illustration given on the next page may be noted a hollowed-out place in the pedestal. In this small place will finally lie all



SPRING IN AGUADILLA AT WHICH COLUMBUS FILLED HIS CASKS ON LANDING IN 1493.

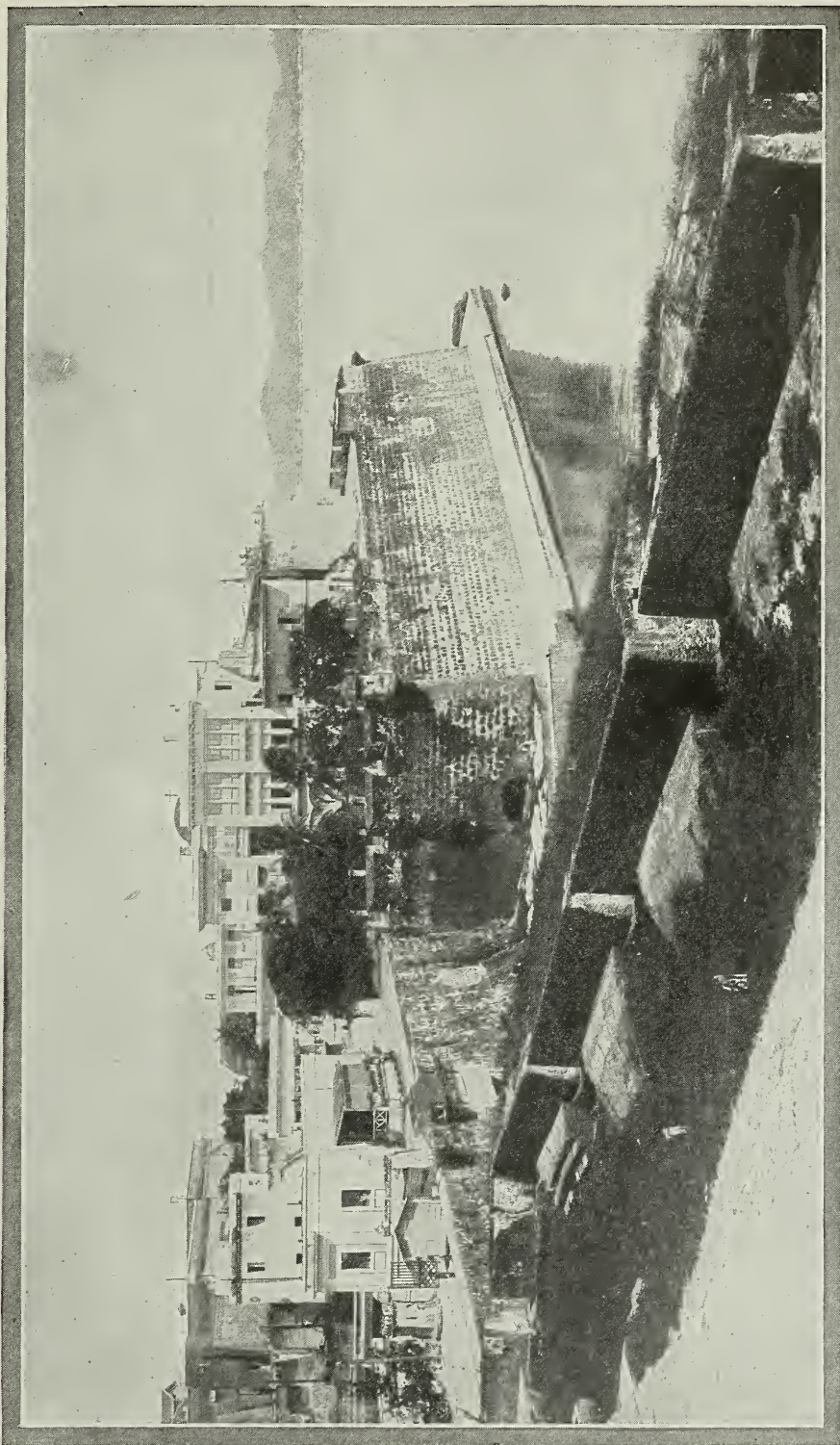
that is mortal of the adventurous man whose greatest wish was to remain forever young.

Christopher Columbus, it is only just to say, was not responsible for the extermination through toil and slavery of the natives of Porto Rico. Columbus left the island behind him immediately after discovering it. Ponce de León, learning that there was gold in the streams, began the real colonization of the island in 1508. The natives were given into slavery to individual members of these Spanish adventurers in lots ranging from fifty to five hundred, according to the importance or official position of the individual. This hideous proceeding was approved by direct orders from the King of Spain. He of course got his share of the gold. The natives were compelled to work in the water of the streams and toil on the plantations. They were beaten and sometimes killed. Not being used to labor, they died rapidly, in fact, were ruthlessly exterminated by toil and abuse. Then the Spaniards brought in hundreds of slaves captured in Africa. And the men who did this considered themselves Castilian Christian gentlemen.

However, Porto Rico was never exploited by Spain to the same extent as was Cuba. At the time of the American occupation Porto Rico had no debt. The island was ruled by a military Governor. General George W. Davis in his report to Washington in 1902 said that under Spain the Government was in



STATUE TO PONCE DE LEON IN CATHEDRAL, SAN JUAN. NICHE IN BASE IS WHERE THE BONES OF THE EXPLORER ARE TO REST.



THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

fact, though not in form, military. The Governor was the supreme executive, legislative and judicial authority.

In 1870 Porto Rico was changed from a colony to a province of Spain. This lasted until 1874. Then it became a colony again, through the restoration of the Spanish monarchy. In 1877 a more liberal government was granted. The trouble here, as in other Spanish possessions, was not so much with the laws as with those who administered them. The Cuban revolution of 1895 became so serious that in 1897 Spain granted both to Cuba and Porto Rico autonomous forms of government. It was too late. Before the new plan could be put in effect the islands had ceased to be Spanish possessions. Except for the occasion when pirates, or French, English or Dutch men-of-war harried the coast towns, island's history has been measurably peaceful. In the early times attacks by the Caribs were frequent and cruel, but as the years went on, these savages gradually, were silenced. The caneers, however, were the real pests. The age was one of almost universal lawlessness,



STATUE OF COLUMBUS IN PLAZA, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

breeding bands of lawless men in different quarters of the world. The Antilles, these warm, pleasant fruit-bearing islands, became infested with groups of Englishmen, Frenchmen and Hollanders, all enemies of Spain, and as bloodthirsty a lot of human devils as ever went hunting for gold and blood. The groups were made up largely of human refuse from the seaports of northern Europe. Ostensibly they were making war on Spain, but the movement crystallized in red-handed piracy that continued through many years. The Spaniards were bad, the buccaneers were, if possible, worse. Signs of the millennium were scarce in those days. Naturally, Porto Rico had numerous visits from these exponents of wholesale grand larceny, but survived to find real and, we hope, lasting peace beneath the folds of the Stars and Stripes.

When we acquired Porto Rico we had no experience as a colonial power. The inhabitants of the island welcomed us with open arms, thinking that we would give them freedom just as we had pledged it to Cuba. As it was necessary to give some form of government to the island, an act of Con-



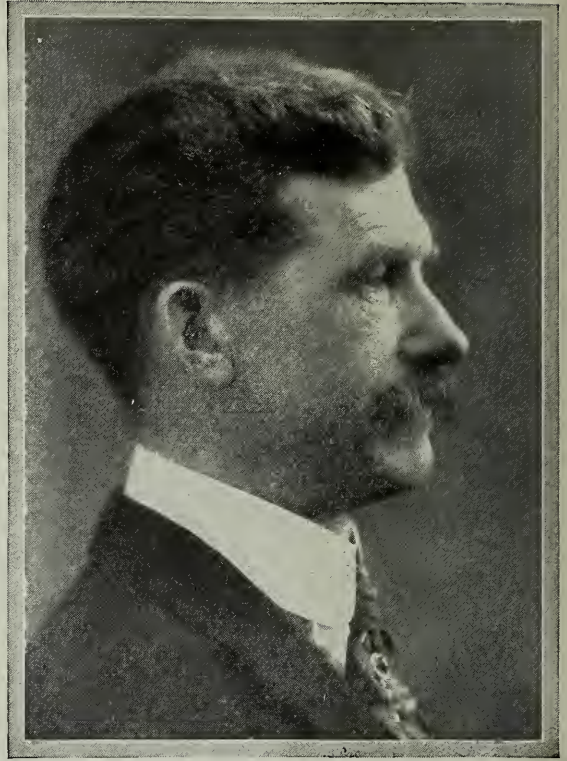
HON. GEORGE R. COLTON, FORMER GOVERNOR OF PORTO RICO.
MUCH OF THE GOOD WORK IN THE ISLAND WAS ACCOM-
PLISHED UNDER HIS ADMINISTRATION.

gress, drawn by Senator Foraker, was passed in 1900. The Foraker Act, regarded by its framer as only temporary, is still the "Constitution" of Porto Rico. Although outgrown, nothing better has been offered.

The Government is vested in a Governor, appointed by the President, and a Legislature with an upper and a lower elective house. The latter is entirely Porto Rican. The majority in the upper house is composed of Americans, who are also heads of important departments, appointed by the President. Thus control is always maintained through the power of the American members of the Senate to reject or change legislation proposed by the other house.

The un-American part of this system is that in the cases of the American members of the upper house one man is both legislator and executive. The secretary of education, for example, will have a hand in making an educational law, then he will be the person to enforce the law he himself has made. In the United States we are careful to keep the legislative, executive and judicial branches of the Government entirely separate.

The Porto Ricans are anxious for a larger measure of self-government immediately. Ultimately they seek independence under American protection or admission to the Union as a State. The Americans resident in Porto Rico have the same point of view that I have: it would not be the part of wisdom for us to surrender the Government entirely into their hands, since they are of a different civilization, not looking upon



HON. ARTHUR YAGER, PRESENT GOVERNOR OF PORTO RICO.

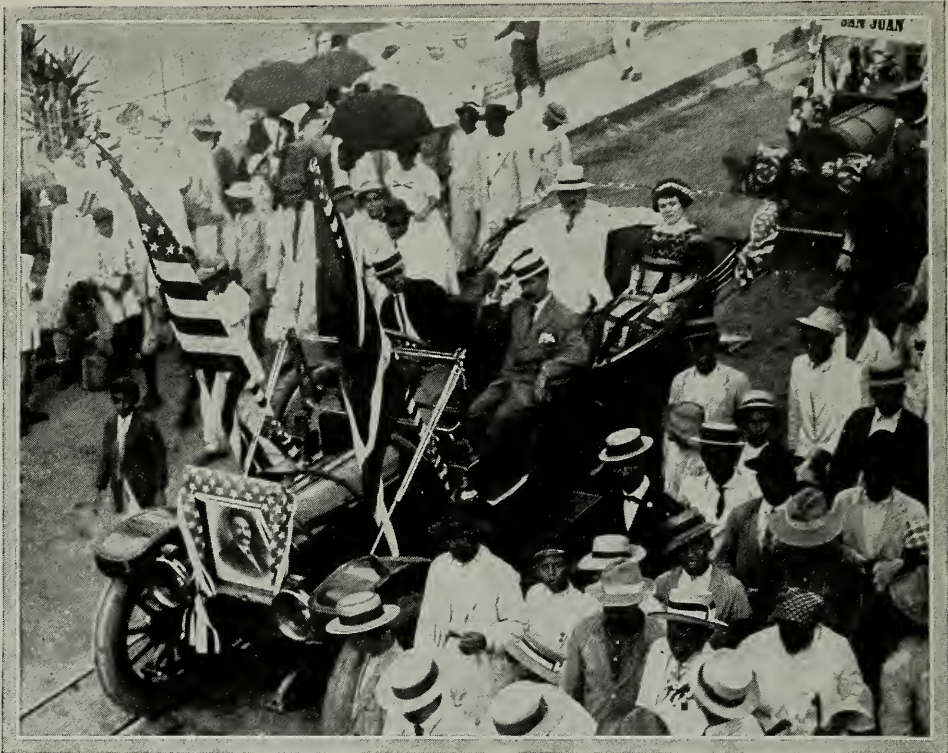
matters of Government in the same light as the Anglo-Saxon. They really have no conception of the true meaning of equality and liberty. Political orators say one thing to the American and quite another thing when addressing an audience of Porto Ricans. They take delight in insulting us. Call them to account afterward and they say that they did not mean it, that their oratorical exaggeration was responsible. Yet the apology is made privately and the ignorant mass of the people are not undeceived. Nearly every American I met said that he would have to leave the island by the first boat were it given independence.

The towns have their own self-government, but the police are under an American chief who has his headquarters in San Juan. There is a regiment of Porto Rican infantry that is a credit to its American officers. The Government was willing to admit men below the height required in the American army, because the Porto Ricans were supposed to be shorter in stature. There was no need for this, however. All except one company are stationed at San Juan. This one is at Cayey, in the center of the island. It can thus be sent on short notice to any point where trouble threatens.

We cannot teach the Porto Ricans anything about practical politics. At an election I heard of, the price of a vote was \$3. The voters received a pair of shoes worth \$2 and a hat worth \$1. Looking down from a hotel balcony at the election crowd, the new white straw hats stood out among the dingy, discolored ones like daisies thickly scattered in a field of



SNAPSHOT OF NATIVE VOTERS NEAR A POLLING PLACE AT
MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO.



CELEBRATING A UNIONIST VICTORY AT MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO.

brown. One firm was said to have had orders for \$600 worth of merchandise the day before the election. There is no more voting in country districts. The voters are brought into the towns, because supervision was impossible at remote places. One party would surround the polls and only let its side vote.

Ten years ago it was worse. One side would even seize a town. At Patillas one election day the party in control of the town stood in respectful attitudes with hats off, while a funeral made its way toward the church. In the middle of the plaza the coffin was set down. Throwing back the lid those nearest began to hand out the guns, revolvers and *machetes* it concealed. In fifteen minutes twelve men were dead. Thanks to this stratagem, those on the outside forced their opponents to change places with them.

As was the case in all countries under Spanish rule, the Roman Catholic was formerly the State religion. Since the

American occupation there has been no bond between Church and State. The present head of the Church is Bishop William A. Jones. He is a native of New York State, and for a number of years was stationed in Cuba. As I found in my South American travels, the Catholic Church in Spanish countries differs from that in the United States. Bishop Jones believes that one of his big problems is the Americanizing of his clergy in Porto Rico.

“Outside of Arizona and New Mexico,” he told me, “there are probably not more than twenty priests in the United States who speak Spanish. For that reason you can see that it is slow work. Since 95 per cent of the people here are of my faith, I am kept busy trying to visit every parish at least once a year. My church in Porto Rico is very poor, indeed, and we have to leave education largely to the Government. Where a man and his family may not make \$100 a year, we cannot expect him to be a heavy contributor to the church.”

Since the American occupation the Protestant churches have established many mission schools. In these education is largely along industrial lines. All the larger towns have Protestant churches. Usually the services are in Spanish, except one Sunday in the month. Some churches have both Spanish and English services each Sunday, at different hours, which is a wise and generous proceeding.

CHAPTER II.

PORTO RICO'S PEOPLE.

ONCE upon a time a historian wrote of the English people that they were like a barrel of beer—foam at the top and dregs at the bottom, but with a good substantial liquor in between. I cannot say that of the Porto Ricans, because there is practically no middle class; and neither can the upper class be called foam nor the lower class dregs. There is a distinct line of cleavage between the two, and the peasant under the Spanish rule always felt that there was absolutely no chance of lifting himself out of the peon class. He had to be content. He seems measurably content today.

Less than 10 per cent of the population of Porto Rico live in towns of over 8,000. In these larger places there is of course a middle class of artisans and clerks, but these are few in number.



AMERICAN HOMES NEAR SAN JUAN. AS WITH ALL HOUSES IN PORTO RICO, THERE IS NO GLASS IN WINDOWS. ONLY SHUTTERS.

San Juan, the capital, was built upon an island, but now is connected with the mainland by a bridge over the narrow, shallow channel. There is an American colony at Santurce, a fashionable suburb southeast of the city. Here they rejoice in an American butcher who does not send a square of beef when the housewife orders tenderloin steak. To the Spanish butcher meat is meat, and he cuts it off almost at random. There are several pretty American suburbs about San Juan.



SOME REAL NATIVES OF THE INTERIOR, PORTO RICO.

In the country live the vast majority of the people; the small upper class of planters and the large lower class of peons or *jibaros*. The former have suffered from crop failures and consequent financial reverses, but those who managed to live through the hard times are now in comfortable circumstances. The planter has been nearly as improvident as is the *jibaro*. He was accustomed to mortgage his next year's crop in order to go to Madrid or Paris, where he would live like a

lord as long as his money lasted, or until he had to come home to gather the next crop of cane, tobacco or coffee. Unfortunately, Porto Rico had several bad years in succession, and the banks had to foreclose many of their mortgages after carrying the planters for two or three seasons. Some who were once wealthy now live with their former peons.

The physical and mental characteristics of the masses of the people are not easily described. Consider that during the early years of colonization no Spanish females came to Porto Rico, but soldiers, marines, monks and adventurers; these bred with the Indians; then negroes, almost exclusively males, were brought in, and these, too, bred with the Indians and the offspring of Spaniards and Indians; then came negro women from Santo Domingo and added to the "mongrel mess." Obviously, to tell "which is which" at the present day is not easy. From the original blend of Indian, negro and Castilian stock, and later crossings and recrossings, have come what are generally called *jibaros*, the Porto Rican peasants.

The *jibaro* leads an extremely simple life. It is difficult



A NATIVE PORTO RICAN CABIN, PATCHED WITH BARK OF ROYAL PALMS AND THATCHED WITH PALM LEAVES.

for Americans to understand him, since they belong to different civilizations. He is extremely poor, but he is extremely proud. While he is accused of working only four days a week, it must be remembered that he has no incentive beyond providing for a day-to-day existence. The landed proprietors do not permit the peons to own real estate, and they can be dispossessed from their wretched huts on short notice. What incentive is there for a man to take pride in a home from which he may be driven at any time?

Domestic labor is cheap in Porto Rico. In San Juan the usual wages of a cook is six dollars a month. One man I knew paid ten dollars, but his friends complained that he was making other cooks dissatisfied. Every one in San Juan who wishes to work is at work. Prices are high and the town is prosperous. Every day the street railway carries over 16,000 passengers.

The American occupation has brought about great changes for the laborer. Living conditions are being bettered and he receives a higher wage. When our troops landed, laborers on



A WAYSIDE STORE. ALMOST EVERY MILE OF ROAD IN PORTO RICO HAS SUCH A STORE

plantations received thirty cents a day. The average now is seventy-five cents a day. The actual earning power, or efficiency, of "colored" labor has been more than doubled by better food and conditions and the dethroning of the hook-worm. This to a large degree has been accomplished by the scientific methods of the so-called Sugar Trust and Tobacco Trust, which have very large interests in the island. They have "speeded up" the negro, you observe. The question is, Can the tropical negro stand the pressure? The Spaniards "speeded up" the indolent native Indians in early times and the Indians died like flies. However, present conditions are more favorable, no doubt, for the survival of the negroes and *jibaros* of Porto Rico. Nevertheless, things in this possession of ours are not wholly as they should be. For example, most of the States of the Union have passed laws against company and plantation stores, but they still flourish in Porto Rico. The laborer merely gets credit, and at the end of the season he is fortunate if he is not in debt to the store.

Usually only a penny's worth of anything is bought at a time, the most expensive method of buying. When she goes to the store the peasant woman will buy one cent's worth of sugar or one cent's worth of rice. In the course of a day should she need five cents' worth of rice, she would send a child five times or go herself. Perhaps she goes on the theory of the man who refused to buy a cornsheller for his hogs with the remark, "What's time to a hog?" No one in Porto Rico is ever in a hurry.

There never is a time here when you are out of sight of some human habitation. There seldom was a time that I could not, on looking about me, see some human being. With 320 inhabitants to the square mile, Porto Rico is one of the most densely populated spots on the globe. Thirty per cent of the population are under ten years of age, a greater percentage than any other civilized country in the world. Notwithstanding the wonderful work of the American physicians, only 10 per cent are over fifty years. In the United States the percentage is 13.4.

The customs and morals of every country are largely the product of geographical and climatic conditions. In Porto Rico we can attribute much of the present civilization to the island's formation. It is a mountainous country surrounded by a coastal plain never more than five miles in width. Upon this fringe of coast the population is mixed in character, because the negro loves the hot lowlands. Back in the mountains the whites have been more successful in maintaining their purity of blood.



MR. BOYCE EXAMINING CACTUS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The Porto Rico peon is ordinarily a peaceful man. He never molests an American. I have been alone in the poorest quarters of the towns and upon the wildest mountain trails, yet have never experienced the least fear nor had the slightest trouble. They fight sometimes among themselves, using their *machetes*. These are knives used for cutting cane, the sharp, heavy blades being about two feet long. Once two men were caught by the police fighting a duel upon the public highway. Although one man had his face cut to ribbons, he begged the officer to let the fight go on, as it was "purely a private affair." They were first taken to the hospital and then to jail.

I asked many persons what good things there were in the Spanish civilization as I found it in Porto Rico that could be adopted profitably by Americans. Invariably the reply was,

"Their unfailing politeness and courtesy." The poorest country man will make you welcome, dividing with you his simple repast of rice or beans.



He will go miles out of his way to set you upon the right road, and feel hurt if you seek to recompense him for his trouble. That sort



WAYSIDE SCENES IN PORTO RICO.

of thing is not very common in the United States, is it? With us the hand seems always itching for a tip. Possession is the prime American motive. No doubt you remember the instance of the young lady who, after adjusting her finery, descended the stairs to the parlor and found the family pet sitting upon the knee of the young man caller, her curly head nestled comfortably against his shoulder.

"Why, Mabel," the young lady exclaimed, "aren't you ashamed of yourself! Get right down."

"Sha'n't do it," retorted the child. "I got here first." The true American spirit.

Before the American occupation of Porto Rico marriage was such an expense that few of the lower class were able to pay for the ceremony, a religious function. As there were no civil marriages, the contracting parties were bound by nothing more formal than their promises to each other. These were religiously kept. By an edict, Governor William H. Hunt legalized all these unions in 1902. Any couple can now get married anywhere on the island as cheaply as in the United States.

In the poorer part of a town all the landlord provides is the ground. The tenant builds his own house out of thatch, wooden soap boxes or tin from gasoline cans. The ground rent is from fifty cents to four dollars a month. As twenty of these one-room houses can be crowded upon an acre of ground, it can be seen that the landowner has a steady income without troubling over repairs or insurance. If the tenant does not pay his rent he is thrown out. On the plantations no rent is paid, but the peon builds his own hut. What he grows on a patch of ground about it belongs to him. He is also given his bananas.

The diet of a Porto Rican of the lower class is extremely simple. The meal corresponding to our breakfast consists of a cup of strong coffee and possibly a piece of bread. With no other food to sustain him the laborer works from dawn until eleven o'clock. Then he has a more substantial meal of codfish and some one Porto Rican vegetable, such as the

batata, a sweet potato. About the middle of the afternoon he may have more black coffee. When he reaches his hut at nightfall he has his big meal of the day. This consists of rice, codfish and whatever vegetable may be ripe.

Although the *jibaro* is fond of pork, not many are forehanded enough to keep a pig. In one little settlement I visited, only one family had enough money or enough foresight to go to the market town and buy a suckling pig for one dollar. When this had been raised and fattened it was either eaten, or sold for twelve or fourteen dollars.

I sat with a family of these people one evening and listened to their conversation. The talk was not inspiring, confined principally to plantation topics. It had to do with boasts of how much more cane the head of the family could cut than could a neighbor, and how much more coffee he could pick. The affairs of the plantation owner were also discussed; but as for talk of the outside world, there was none. Thanks to the schools, conditions are improving. Another generation will put the peon on a far higher intellectual plane.

Notwithstanding his hookworm troubles and his day-to-day existence, the peasant is not an unhappy fellow. He is bound to those of his class both by ties of blood and that of *compadre* or godfather. An orphan or a widow finds shelter in the meanest neighbor's home. The *jibaro* looks to the planter for guidance and protection. He regards himself as dependent upon those in authority over him.

It is just as natural for a native to put his burden on his head as it is for a baby to put its toe in its mouth. As they passed me, I was reminded of the long train of negroes I employed for



TYPICAL STREET OF AN INTERIOR VILLAGE,
PORTO RICO.

my African *safari*. Here in Porto Rico, however, they have not reduced their clothing to a minimum, although away from the main roads the inhabitants are more careless in their dress. The garments of both men and women do not differ from the summer clothing of the poorest Americans. What is different is the usual lack of shoes. The Union party intends to introduce a bill for the purchase of 200,000 pairs of shoes. These will be given to the *jibaros*, and thereafter a man found going barefoot will be subjected to a fine. This will prevent the spread of hookworm.

I first went from San Juan to Ponce by way of the Government road around the east coast. The towns through which I passed were of remarkable sameness. There was usually a plaza. Facing it were the church, the municipal buildings and the stores. Above the stores were residences.

In most Porto Rican towns there is no one quarter better than another. A millionaire sugar planter may have a family of peons next door to him. He may live upstairs, and rent the first floor as a grocery store or bicycle shop. Most houses are built to the pavement line. In place of front yards there are *patios*, inclosed courtyards, at the back. Here the families congregate. In short, the architectural style is Spanish.

In the homes of the better class, because of tropical conditions, housekeeping is far different from that in the States. As the insects would infest carpets, draperies and closets, the Porto Rican householder must do without the luxuries. The floors are often of Spanish tile. Instead of sweeping, you merely turn on the hose in your parlor. No food supplies are bought for more than the one day. Each morning a servant goes to market and returns with what things are needed. The cooking is done over an open charcoal fire. On arising, as in the case of the peon, coffee and bread are served. Sometimes butter, imported from outside, is added. The American will have eggs, also, because he is not accustomed to so light a breakfast. The next meal comes at about 11:30 a. m., and is a substantial repast. Then there follows the tropical *siesta* before work is resumed. The evening meal is at six o'clock.

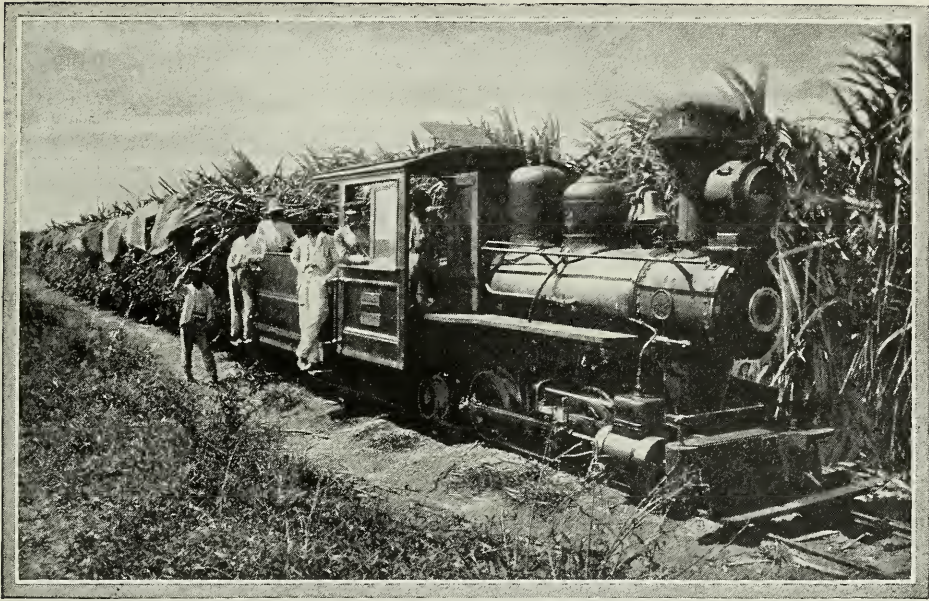
It is remarkable for the number of meats. (I am of course speaking of the wealthier class.) Potatoes are only a garnish for meat. Rice and beans are served the year around at noon and night. Most other vegetables are bought canned.

On the way from San Juan to Ponce by the east coast are two large sugar centrals or mills. The one at Fajardo is owned by New York capitalists. That at Aguirre is owned in Boston. Both are little empires. The former has forty-five miles of railway to and in its cane-fields. It owns 25,000 acres and rents as many more for cane and grazing purposes. In addition, it buys cane from other planters. The vastness of the enterprise may be judged from the fact that good cane land is worth \$300 an acre and a mill may cost from three-quarters to a million dollars. Aguirre grinds all the cane grown between Guayama and Ponce. It is the second largest mill on the island and has several thousand acres of irrigated land worth up to \$500 an acre. The mill at Fajardo is the third largest.

Among the towns between these two centrals is Humacao.



A SUGAR MILL, FAJARDO, PORTO RICO.



A TRAIN LOADED WITH CANE.



HOMES OF OFFICIALS OF THE FAJARDO SUGAR COMPANY.

It has 8,000 inhabitants and not a bank. Money is sent to San Juan, forty-five miles away, for deposit. The rate of interest here, as it is in most United States colonies, is 12 per cent a year, payable 1 per cent a month. Another town nearby is Guayama. It is the terminus of a Government road over the mountains to connect the Military Road and San Juan. This cleft through the mountains, known as Guayama Pass, is one of the most beautiful roads in Porto Rico.

I went up the pass as far as Jajome Alto, the official summer home of the Governor. This is at the highest point of the pass, 2,400 feet above sea level. The view is exquisite. The valley is devoted to the cultivation of tobacco, and cheesecloth to protect it from the sun is spread above it like a vast canopy. It makes the fields appear as if covered with snow, and is very picturesque.

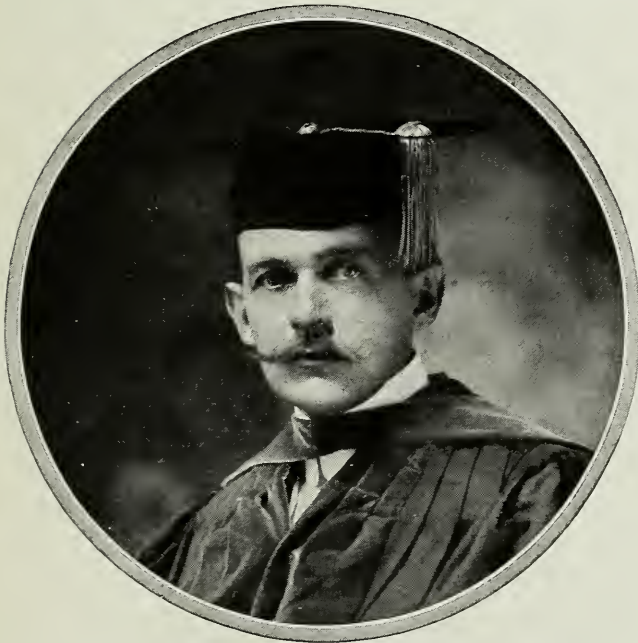
CHAPTER III.

HOOKWORM AND PLAGUE.

WHEN the United States Government took over the Panama Canal Zone, the first thing the Government did was to make it fit to live in. The first thing the United States did when it took over Porto Rico was to begin the work of improving conditions so that nearly a million of dirty people crowded on the island at that time could live longer, and that our white American officials might escape death in doing their duty.

Thousands of Porto Ricans are alive today who would have died had it not been for the effective measures taken by the United States health officials. In their work on the island, which is one of the most densely populated places on the globe, these officials have successfully battled the hookworm, the bubonic plague, malaria and other scourges which had fastened

themselves on the people. Like the other islands of the West Indies, Porto Rico has been menaced by leprosy, but this peril has now been guarded against. Yellow fever has been wiped from the list of Porto Rican plagues by our quarantine service; smallpox has been driven out by the army, which in the days of the United States military Government vaccinated virtually the entire population.



DR. B. K. ASHFORD, DISCOVERER OF THE
HOOKWORM IN PORTO RICO.

When the dreadful toll formerly taken by disease is considered, it can be seen that for nearly four hundred years historical writers had slandered the people of Porto Rico. Lazy many of them undoubtedly are, but the natives as a class have not deserved the stigma of indolence and sloth that observers from other lands have put upon them. Instead of being lazy they were the victims of an insidious disease. This disease is popularly known as hookworm, or anemia. It is preëminently caused by filth in hot climates. It is believed that the hookworm was brought to Porto Rico from Europe as early as 1530. It is still found in some parts of the European Continent and it is also distributed throughout our Southern States. In our country the danger is not so much from the possibility of death as from that of incapacity to labor. A person afflicted with hookworm cannot do hard work.

The most disastrous cyclone in the history of Porto Rico swept the island August 8, 1899. The anti-American sentiment was so extreme at that time that some of the people even blamed us for the cyclone. Since people were starving, the Government immediately established camps and distributed provisions. In command of one camp was Dr. Bailey K. Ashford, an army surgeon. Soon he saw that something other than hunger was the matter with the people. He discovered the trouble—it was hookworm. An attempt was made to rob him of the credit for the discovery of the scourge and its remedy, but now the medical world has acknowledged that civilization has him to thank for its conquest of a dangerous disease.

“In 1900 thirty per cent of all the deaths in Porto Rico were due to hookworm,” Dr. Ashford says. “The death rate at that time was forty-two per thousand. It is now only twenty-two per thousand, since we are also combating other diseases, such as malaria and tuberculosis. I believe that 800,000 out of a population, at that time, of 950,000 were afflicted with the hookworm. Since the average anemic peon could do only half his normal amount of work, you can see how great an annual loss there was both to the laborer and to the island itself.



SNAPSHOT OF COFFEE BERRIES ON A PORTO RICAN PLANTATION.

“The hookworm enters the body through the soles of the feet from infested soil. Those who work on coffee plantations are the most liable to contract the disease, because here are found ideal conditions for its transmission. The coffee groves are well shaded and usually undrained. Above all, the coffee must be frequently worked, thus requiring many laborers.

“The peon has a constitution weakened by the damp and chilling winds. He has insufficient clothing, and insufficient and improper food. How can a man buy shoes, when the wages of an entire family may not be more than \$100 a year? Shoes are an impossible luxury. Hundreds of barefoot laborers, therefore, congregate daily in the coffee groves. There have been practically no sanitary conveniences, and thus in time the laborer, tramping about everywhere, was certain to be brought in contact with the disease. If the plantation owners were forced to build water-closets, and the laborers forced to use them, there would be no hookworm in Porto Rico, in our Southern States, or anywhere else.

“The owner of the coffee plantation also was losing money.

Even when he only paid thirty cents a day—in 1904—he was not getting its equivalent in labor. From that date to 1910, inclusive, under the direction of the Medical Corps of the United States Army 300,000 hookworm cases were treated. In Aibonito, a mountain district with 8,598 inhabitants, every person was treated for this disease.

“Unless checked, the feeling of lassitude noticeable in the first stages of the disease gives way to actual inability to work. The patient may linger a long time in this absolutely useless condition. The cure consists principally of a powerful purgative. In five or six weeks the patient should be restored to health. If properly treated all the worms should be out of his system by that time.”

Dr. Ashford is now a major in the Medical Corps with headquarters in San Juan.

And yet the Porto Rican is not wholly happy or satisfied with us, notwithstanding all we have done for him. There has been a saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars and many lives through the efficient manner in which American doctors have handled the bubonic plague. Yet the ignorant people could not see the need for cleaning their premises and killing the rats that might harbor the plague. The landlords protested loudly against rat-proofing their buildings.

Hit a man in his pocketbook and you hit him very close to his heart. For a couple of years, at least, there had been plague in the Canary Islands. Instead of trying to clean up there, the Spanish Government promptly pigeonholed the plague report, and let the world take its chances of being caught in the grip of a terrible epidemic. When the United States and Cuba began to suspect the Canaries, a Cuban investigator went to Madrid. He bribed an official and thus saw the document setting before the Government the existence of the plague.

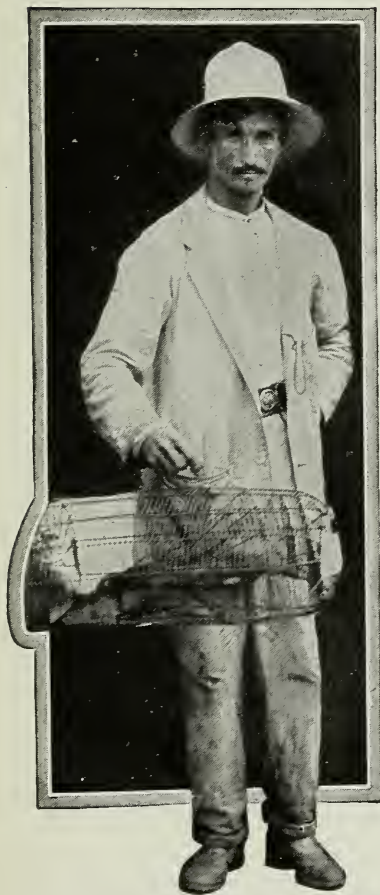
As soon as the plague was discovered the Government sent to Porto Rico Dr. R. H. Creel, who had done valuable plague work on the Pacific Coast. This was in the latter part of June, 1912. The plague is called a “rat disease” because of

the activity of the little animals in spreading it. A rat catches the plague from another rat. A flea bites the rat. Then the flea bites a human being, thus transmitting the disease. Three out of five persons who catch the plague die of it. Dr. Creel immediately began a determined war on the rat. He began to rat-proof, rat-poison and rat-trap.

Forty trappers worked in San Juan alone with 3,000 rat traps. They put out six or seven hundred pounds of poison. Twenty-five thousand rats were examined in the San Juan laboratory. A rat catcher is paid seventy-five cents a day and a bonus of ten cents for every rat he brings in. There were fifty-six cases of bubonic in San Juan, the last one September 13, 1912. About that time the last plague rat the investigators have been able to capture was brought into the laboratory. San Juan today is declared by the health officers to be more

nearly rat-proof than any seaport of which they know. All establishments such as groceries, warehouses, markets and restaurants have been made rat-proof by concrete floors, with concrete walls extending two feet into the ground. Dwellings have either been elevated or have been protected from rats by concrete. Rats that may carry the plague infest the thatched roofs of the native huts. For that reason the Government prohibits such roofs. The price of lumber makes shingles out of the question and the use of iron sheeting is becoming general. A cheaper and better roofing would be tarred and saturated roofing papers, like that made by the General Roofing Company of East St. Louis, Illinois.

At Humacao people still talk of an episode in which Dr. J. W. Brice, the American health officer there, played a leading part. Word came from Playa de Humacao that a schooner anchored off shore was flying



AN OFFICIAL RAT CATCHER, PORTO RICO.

signals of distress. According to law the first person who could visit the vessel was the quarantine officer, in this case Dr. Brice. He put off in a yawl and went aboard in a driving tropical rain. The boat prove to be *The Success* from St. Kitts, Danish West Indies, under command of Captain William Broadbelt, an Englishman.

"I told the captain to line his people up so that I could make my health inspection," said Dr. Brice, in telling the story. "There were a number huddled together in the bow, all bent over with their heads covered from the rain. Captain Broadbelt merely said that he could do nothing with them, and I went forward to get them into line. Lifting up the coffee sack that covered one, I was shocked to find that I was gazing upon a leper. In the group there were six others—all lepers. Immediately I told Captain Broadbelt that I could not let him land because he had on board this dread contagious disease.

"'Then we are all doomed,' he answered. '*The Success* struck a rock off the southern end of Vieques and stove a hole in her side. I put in here because we are sinking.'

"Here was a dilemma indeed. There were thirty passengers altogether, including the lepers. They and the crew were prisoners on a sinking ship. The law would not let them land, and I could not see them drown. When the townspeople learned of the leper ship there was a veritable panic in Humacao. I was besieged on all sides not to let them come ashore. Finally I found a way out of the difficulty. There is a small uninhabited island in the harbor and on its shore I had the boat beached. Here the prisoners of *The Success* were guarded during the eighteen days required to repair the vessel and get her out of my jurisdiction.

"Strangest of all is how Captain Broadbelt happened to have his leper passengers. Just as he was about to sail for St. Kitts from San Pedro de Macoris, San Domingo, these lepers were brought down to the ship under guard of a squad of soldiers. Broadbelt was informed that they had come originally from St. Kitts and that as the Dominican Government did not wish to take care of them he would have to take them

back. Since the Dominican order was made at the point of the bayonet, the captain was forced to comply. Then had come the added misfortune of shipwreck off Vieques.

“When the hole in her side had been patched up, *The Success* was towed into deep water where she immediately keeled over. Here was another delay while the revenue cutter *Algonquin* was sent for to right her and bail her out. Altogether Humacao acted as unwilling host for eighteen days. Finally the ship sailed away and what happened to her after that the town has never learned.”

In talking with leading physicians I was told that tuberculosis claims more lives in Porto Rico than any other disease. It is especially prevalent in the cities and towns. I did not marvel at it, because of the manner in which many of the people live. To bring it home to you, let me picture it in this fashion: Take your small woodshed on a hot August night, board up the one window, close and bolt the door. Then make six or eight people pass the night in that small space. The result is inevitable. Where one falls a victim to tuberculosis, it follows that almost without exception the others are doomed. They said in the towns that they closed and bolted the doors because they were afraid of robbers.

In years past the little town of Barceloneta had the reputation of being the worst malarial spot on the island. A few years ago in this municipality—which corresponds to a county in the United States—there was an average of 500 cases of malaria a month and fifty deaths. Now the worst month does not develop more than twenty-five cases, and none of these results in death.

For these changed conditions the inhabitants have to thank a Porto Rican health officer, Dr. R. C. Vergne. He is a recent graduate of Syracuse University, and has brought to his work the latest American scientific training.

“When I looked at the town closely,” Dr. Vergne said, “I did not wonder that it was afflicted with malaria. Breeding spots for mosquitoes were everywhere. In some cases I had to threaten certain persons with punishment as the United

States Government administers it before they would mosquito-proof their barrels, wells and drains. The town has even cut down its banana trees, because right where the leaf joins the trunk a cup is formed that holds rain water. It is the ideal place for a malarial mosquito to raise a large family."

Rum, too, has weakened the natives of Porto Rico. Some of the vile stuff they drink is like the miserable gin sold in parts of the United States, which has well earned for itself the name "Aviator's Booze"—one drop and you die.

As might naturally be supposed, the cemetery is an important part of Porto Rican life—or rather, death. It is the custom to rent tombs, and at one cemetery I was told of an incident that happened recently. A man came over from the island of St. Thomas to visit his grandmother's grave. When he arrived at the cemetery he was horrified to find the caretaker sweeping out the tomb in which she had reposed.

"What are you doing?" demanded the man, hotly.

"Well," replied the caretaker, "you didn't send money for the rent and I have just rented this tomb to some one else. I have just thrown your grandmother's bones on the bone pile."

In a dilapidated tomb the only thing I could see was a set of false teeth. I was told that a pleasant profession is the stealing of wreaths from tombs and selling them again.

CHAPTER IV.

PORTO RICO'S SCHOOLS.

LOOKING into an old Spanish fort at Aguadilla, Porto Rico, near where Christopher Columbus is reported to have landed in 1493, one sees blackboards and desks and little Porto Ricans busy with their lessons. The fort has been transformed into a schoolhouse, the change being indicative of the difference between the two civilizations. The Spaniards came centuries ago with swords and guns. The Americans came a few years ago with schools.

When the United States took over Porto Rico in 1898 there were 528 public schools, with an actual attendance of 18,243. The teachers and their families lived in rented school buildings. The teachers were subject to no efficiency tests and were inadequately and irregularly paid. Now there are 3,000 schools



A CLASS OF PORTO RICAN SCHOOL CHILDREN.

on the island, with an average daily attendance of 118,000. In 1913 the Legislative Assembly voted an extra million dollars for education, which will permit of the employment of 800 additional teachers and provide accommodations for at least 30,000 more pupils. Over 300 night schools have been established, and at some of them trades are taught, including carpentry, bricklaying, plumbing and automobile mechanics.

As those of you who are familiar with the history of the Spanish War will remember, the Porto Ricans looked upon us as liberators. They thought that we had come to free them as we have freed the Cubans. Events have since shown that



A TYPICAL GROUP OF SCHOOL TEACHERS, MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO.

it would be better for Cuba today if we had not given up control over the island. As a race the Porto Ricans are polite and hospitable and I am sorry to say that in many cases after the war their kindness was grossly imposed upon. Sharpers who trailed the American troops took advantage of the unsuspecting natives and caused no small part of the anti-American sentiment, which is now dying out except for the fanning of the cooling embers by political agitators. To save the good name of the United States, on more than one occasion the Governor has rounded up tricksters and vagabonds and shipped them to New York, and an American tramp is now seldom found on the island. If we cannot be proud of some of the Americans who inflicted themselves on Porto Rico, we can take pride in the greater number who are now there, and especially our school teachers. We traveled entirely around Porto Rico and several times across it, and failed to find an American school teacher who was not a credit to our country. They are a fine set of young men and women and the good they are doing is incalculable.

Here is something that will surprise the boy and girl readers of this book: Every teacher who has had experience both in the United States and Porto Rico said that he preferred to teach the Porto Rican children. The teachers explained that the children of Porto Rico seemed more eager to learn than children of the United States, and that they are even brighter. I questioned the soundness of this view, but, as the children in a class are usually older than in a corresponding class in the United States, I believe the difference in years itself really makes a difference in the ease with which they learn.

Some mistakes have marked the establishing of our schools in Porto Rico, but improvement is being made every year. The city schools are the equals of any in the States. The secret of this is that the schools are directly under Government control. English is the language of the schoolroom (except for a daily lesson in Spanish grammar), after the fourth grade. It has now been decided that the recitations in the lower grades are all to be given in English as soon as possible.

The first day upon which the little child now comes to school in Porto Rico the work of making an English-speaking American citizen out of him begins. It is all done unconsciously, in the form of play. Everything is dramatized and acted. "Come away, let us play," sings the teacher. Then the children play a while, to associate the idea with the words. "Run with me to the tree" is the next jingle. Taking a child



HIGH SCHOOL CLASS, ROOSEVELT SCHOOL, MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO.

by the hand, she runs to a tree in the school yard. It is in this fashion the children learn our language. Of course cleanliness is insisted upon. Illustrative of the difficulties encountered in this direction a teacher told me how one day she said to one of the little fellows: "Juan, your face is fairly clean, but how did you get your hands so dirty?"

"Washin' my face," was the reply.

The same teacher related that one day she overheard an extraordinary explanation of the source of human language. A little girl was turning the leaves of a dictionary when she looked up and asked: "How did there come to be so many words in the world?"

"Oh," replied a ten-year-old boy, with sudden inspiration, "they come through folks quarreling. You know, one word brings on another!"

The Porto Rican teachers must pass examinations in English. The trouble with the English of the children is that often it is learned from a native teacher who still speaks with a foreign accent. This makes the pupil's English sound artificial. But, as Americans have been at work for more than twelve years teaching school in Porto Rico, there is not a place on the island where some young person cannot be found to interpret for you.

The form of salutation in Porto Rico is "*Adios.*" Literally translated, this means "Good-by." Whenever a child meets you and wishes to open a conversation he usually begins by saying, "Good-by." All over the island I was greeted with smiles and "Good-bys." As is natural, Spanish is used almost exclusively outside the schoolroom. We are doing as well as can be expected, but it will be forty or fifty years probably before we can hope to have English in anything like general use.

The greatest stumbling block is the home life. Just as many Carlisle Indian students revert to their blankets and ancestral ways on returning to the reservation, the school children of Porto Rico drop back to their Spanish civilization at home. How we are to graft what is best in American life to this Spanish stock and make it grow is going to be a difficult question to answer. As may be imagined, books are not often to be seen on the island. It will take at least two generations, in my opinion, to accustom these people to the things in our American civilization which make for comfort and broad culture. Of course, I am referring to the masses.

An American school teacher who occupies the guest-room

of a Porto Rican home told me of the color scheme of her room.

"The walls are pink," she said. "One door is green, a second is green and white, and a third is blue. The mosquito bar is a flaming red. The cloth over my center table is a red blanket. The floor has inch cracks between most of the boards, and there are iron bars on the windows."

The native teachers in graded schools are paid \$30 a month, and when a girl gets a position in the schools it is the custom for her relatives to quit work and assist her in spending the \$30. American teachers in the graded schools are started at \$75 a month. Through their work the standards of the native teachers are continually being raised.

In the schools, as everywhere else, the blacks and whites get along most amicably. A black man, the same as a white man, can occupy any position his intelligence or wealth may secure for him. Those with negro blood may even visit with some of the best white families. There is only one place where the color line is drawn. In every town there is a club known as the Casino, about which the social life centers. No one with negro blood is permitted to become a member of the Casino.

At the Jefferson School at Arecibo, the largest graded school on the island, it was an inspiring sight to see the 1,400 pupils salute the American flag as it fluttered in the morning sunlight.

At Mayagüez, the third city of Porto Rico, the Government has established an agricultural college and agricultural



JEFFERSON SCHOOL, ARECIBO. THE LARGEST GRADED SCHOOL
IN PORTO RICO.

experiment station. At the village of Hatillo the George O. Robinson Industrial and Training School is conducted for boys by the Rev. R. E. Pearce. The school is the gift of Judge Robinson of Detroit, Michigan, to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Having established a home for girls in San Juan, he gave this one for the boys. There were thirty boys in attendance.

"We are teaching them farming, carpentry and shoe-making," Mr. Pearce said. "Although the boys have been gathered from all over the island, not more than three or four knew how to plant beans when they came here. The trouble with the owners of the land is that they have made such big money out of crops like sugar, tobacco and coffee that they are contemptuous of all others. It follows that the peasant, therefore, knows nothing of agriculture other than what he gets in the cultivation of these few staples. In the past a planter never thought of having a kitchen garden. Today they are becoming more provident."

Speaking Spanish at home and on the street and then reciting at school in English, the children sometimes have a hard time of it. One boy sent the following note to his teacher to explain his absence from school:

Dear Teacher: I am sick with the mumps. You know perfectly well a boy cannot go to school sick with that disease. So please excuse me while I mump. Your truly pupil, JUAN PEREZ.

Another one wrote:

Dear Teacher: I am sick with a cold, home all day drinking medicine. Your dutiful pupil, JOSE DELGADO.

Not only do they write notes from home, but they also write them in class and give them to the teacher on leaving. One American teacher is treasuring this:

Dear Teacher: When you spoke to me about talking, I was not talking. I was sick. These words are no lie. Your sick pupil, PEDRO RUIZ.

At the beginning of the school year a teacher asked each pupil to write on a slip of paper his father's name and what he was doing. One boy disturbed the class by his loud laughter.

"What is the matter, Juan?" asked the teacher.

"I can't tell what my father is doing," he managed to gasp between peals of laughter, "because he's in the cemetery."

Then the teacher was the only one who did not laugh.

A school baseball game or a track meet in Porto Rico is just like one in the United States. There are the same songs, the same school yells and the same cheer leaders. I should like to see a picked team of Porto Rican athletes sent to the United States to compete with American boys. The records here are good. Ponce had a youth of 18, Cosme Beitia, who was one of the best all-around young athletes of whom I have heard. In a contest at San Juan he won five events, won the relay race for his team, and was second in the hurdles and high jump. His firsts were: 100-yard dash, 10 1-5 seconds; 220-yard dash, 24 seconds; pole vault, 11 feet; broad jump, 21 feet, and 440-yard run, 51 seconds. You will have to look a long time in the United States to find a boy to equal those records on one day, I fancy.

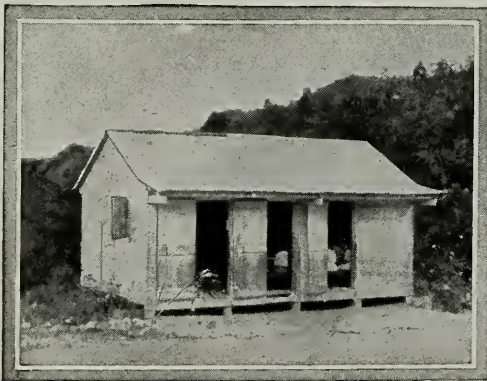
Here are a couple of stories that Martin G. Brumbaugh, the first American commissioner of education, told. When he made his first inspection of one school he noticed that one bright little negro boy always faced him. When he went out at recess and at noon he turned at the teacher's desk and backed out as if in the presence of royalty. He came into the room in the same fashion, turning at the desk and backing to his seat.

"Why does that little boy act so peculiarly?" asked Brumbaugh, pointing at the little pickaninny.

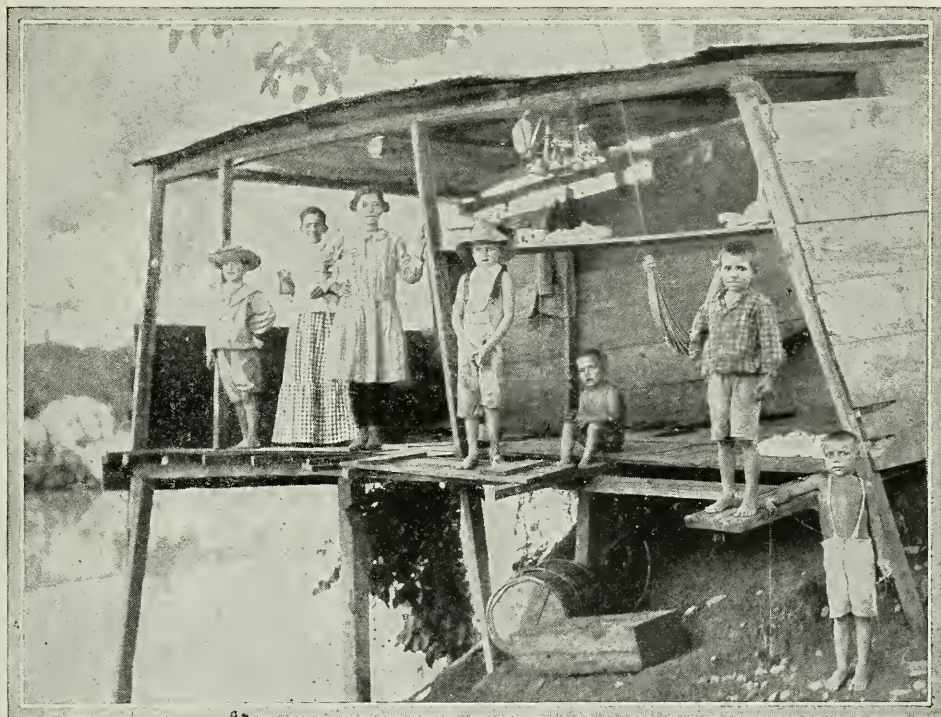
"Well," answered the teacher, "he has only half a shirt and he is wearing that in front."



YOUNG PORTO RICAN
IN HIS SUNDAY
CLOTHES.



A RURAL SCHOOL. SUCH SCHOOLS
ARE FOUND EVERYWHERE
IN PORTO RICO.



FAMILY OF TOLL-BRIDGE KEEPER ON THE RIO GRANDE. SOME
LIVELY CANDIDATES FOR SCHOOL.

At another place a pupil was not so particular. As he marched out of school, Mr. Brumbaugh read this astonishing sign on the seat of his trousers: "XXX Flour."

Children who go to school in such clothes certainly are eager for an education, and they are getting it.

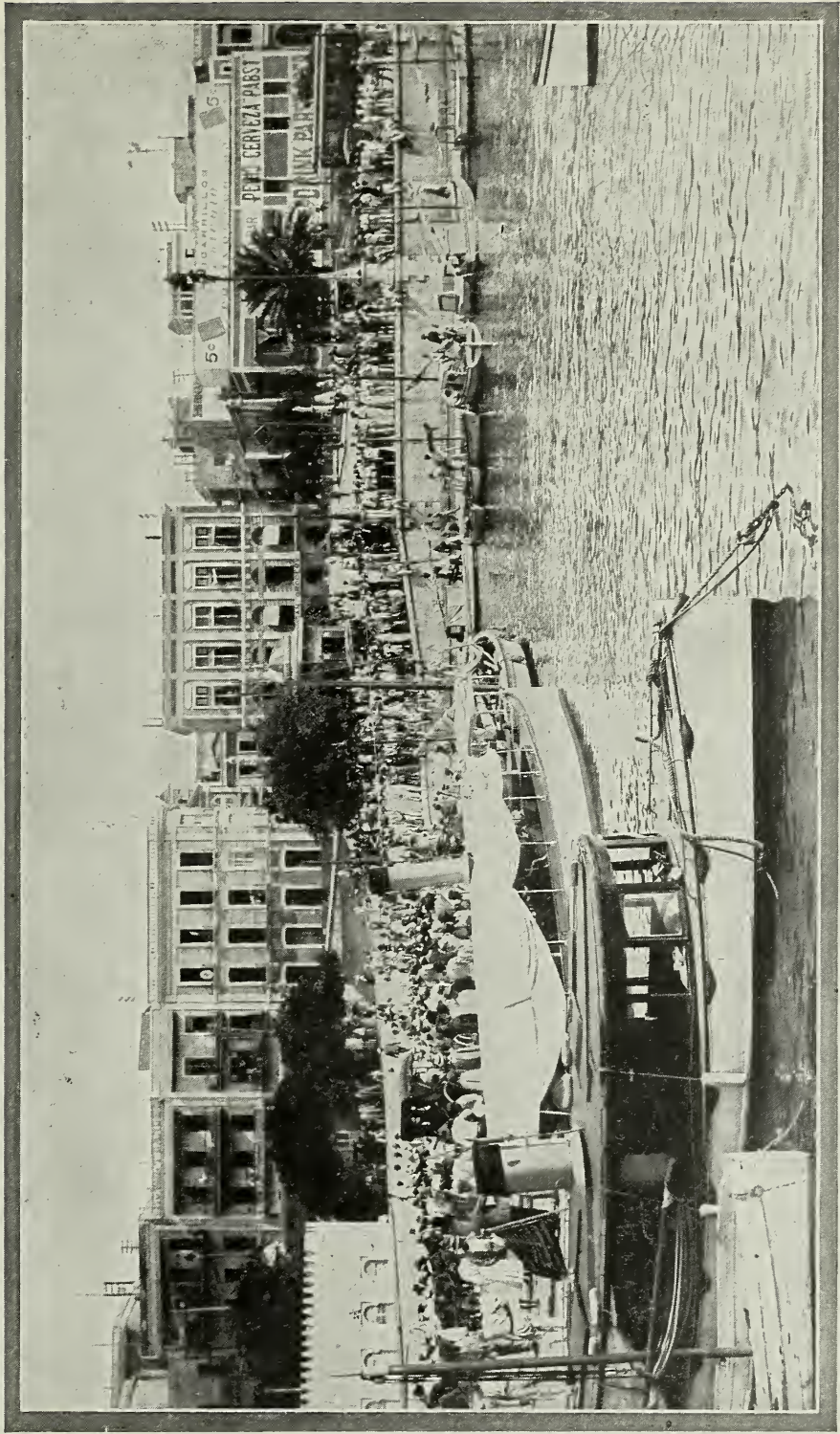
CHAPTER V.

RESOURCES AND TRADE.

PORTO RICO has been called the "gem of our colonial possessions." Commercially it is increasing in importance with the passing of each year. As a purchaser of American goods the island now ranks thirteenth. The United States is Porto Rico's best customer. In the fiscal year closing June 30, 1913, 86 per cent of the trade of the island was with this country.

Porto Rico sold last year to the United States products valued at \$40,536,623, a loss of \$2,334,778. The drop of \$16 per ton in the price of sugar was responsible for the decrease in the total value of shipments to the U. S. A. Exports to foreign countries amounted to \$8,564,942, an increase of \$1,732,930. Imports from foreign countries were \$3,745,057, a loss of \$1,756,871. The total foreign trade was \$49,103,565, a loss of \$601,848 over 1912.

As Porto Rico progresses, its desire to buy is bound to increase. Human wants and tastes increase in the ratio of increase in wealth and civilization. In 1896 the share of the United States in the world's commerce with Porto Rico was but 18 per cent. In 1901, the first year after the establishment of free trade between Porto Rico and the United States, the island imported merchandise from the United States valued at \$6,965,408, our share of the world's commerce with the island that year being 71 per cent. During the year ending June 30, 1913, Porto Rico bought merchandise from the United States valued at \$33,155,005, a decrease of \$4,269,540. For breadstuffs the island sent \$7,655,353 to the United States, buying \$5,069,527 worth of rice and \$1,786,589 worth of flour. Cotton goods valued at \$3,821,535 were bought and the island took \$2,939,442 worth of manufactures of iron and steel.



A PORTION OF THE WATERFRONT, SAN JUAN, THE ISLAND'S PRINCIPAL SEAPORT.

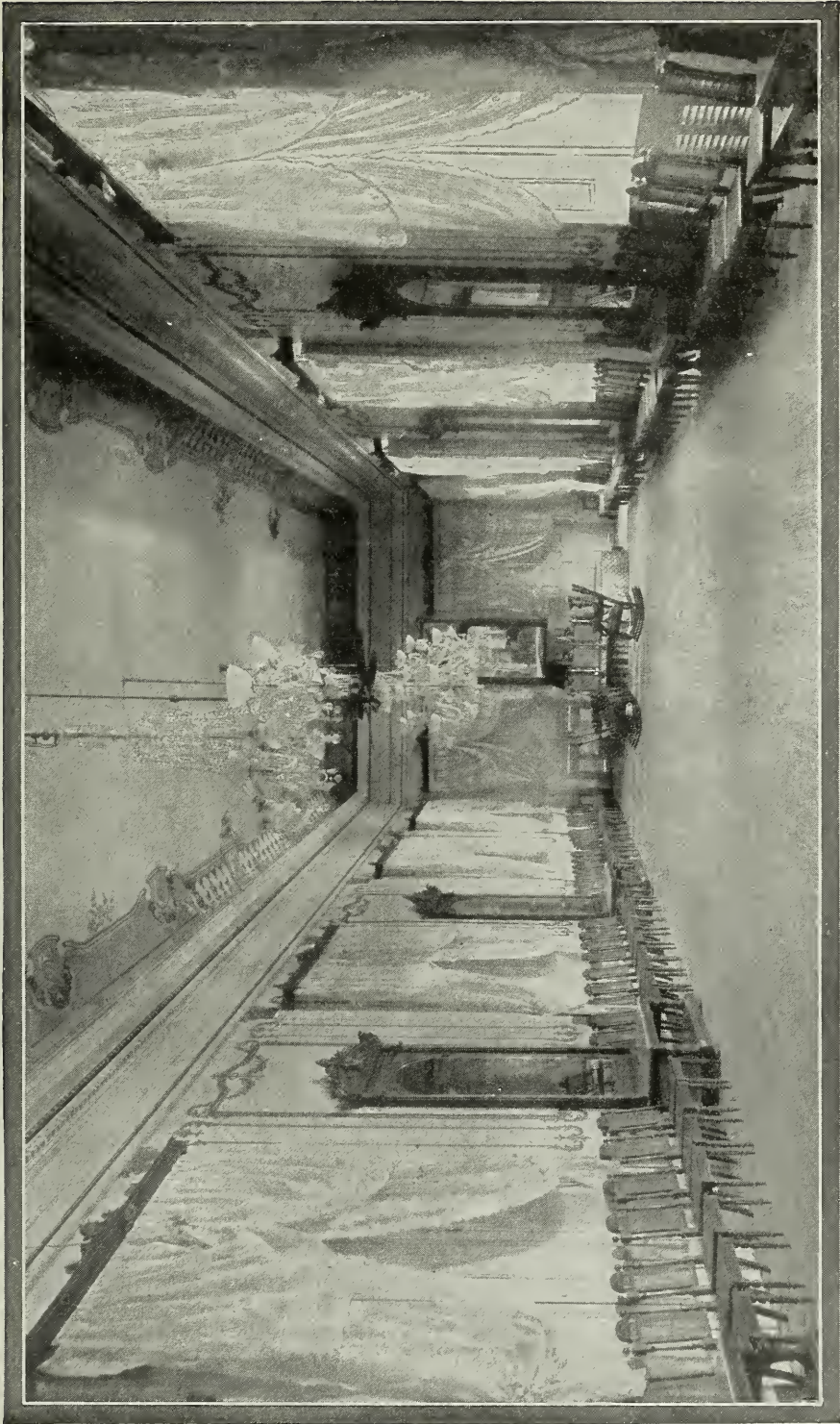
Other big purchases from Uncle Sam included meats and meat products valued at \$3,211,247, and leather goods valued at \$1,441,605. The commodities mentioned composed most of the imports from the United States, the remainder being as varied as the imports of any growing country, but not extensive.

Notwithstanding the fact that unusual purchases were made for internal improvements, there was the large balance of trade in favor of the island of \$12,000,000, nearly twice as much as ever before shown on that side of the trade ledger. This result would be more gratifying if it had been produced in an increase of the value of products sold instead of a decrease in the value of purchases made.

As one can readily understand, the chief commercial center of the island is San Juan. It is the leading shipping point to the United States and foreign countries as well as the largest port of entry. Small freighters ply around the island. It sometimes takes a month for goods to go by water to points



SAN FRANCISCO STREET, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

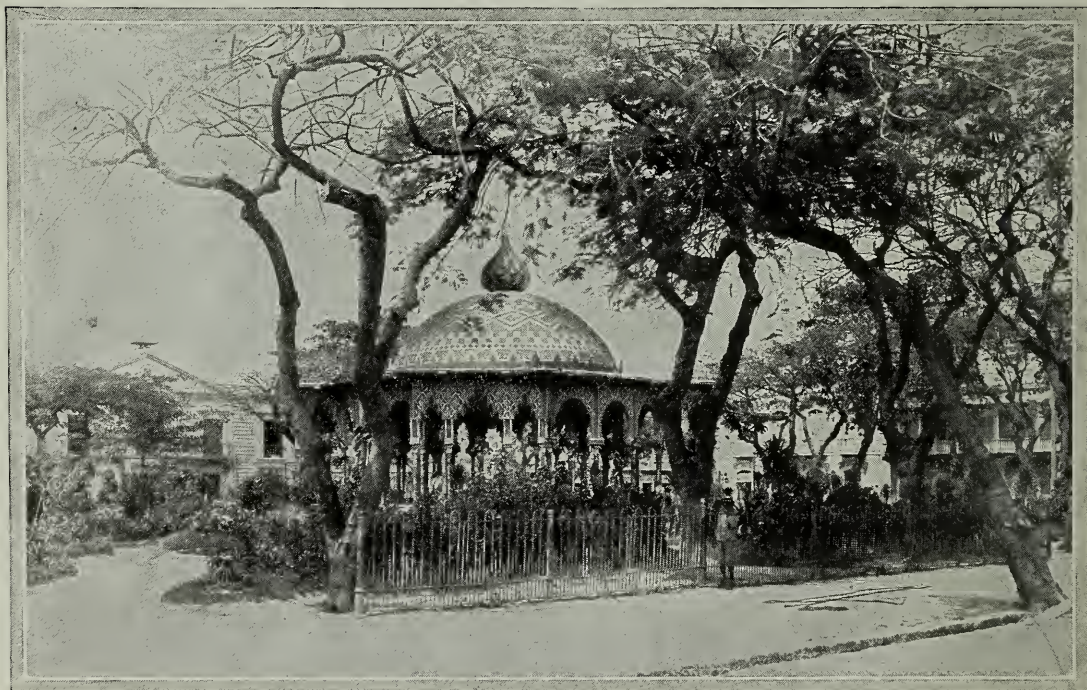


THE BALLROOM OF THE CASINO, PONCE, PORTO RICO.

off the railroad, such as Fajardo and Humacao. The port next in importance to San Juan is Ponce, on the south side of the island.

Ponce does not show the same Americanization as does San Juan. Some of its main thoroughfares are wider, but it is essentially Spanish in its mode of life. Many persons familiar with both towns prefer Ponce to the capital. It has 35,027 inhabitants. The first landing of American troops was to the west. Two days later, July 27, 1898, the squadron reached Ponce. As there were no fortifications to protect it, under an agreement that saved it from bombardment, the Spanish forces withdrew.

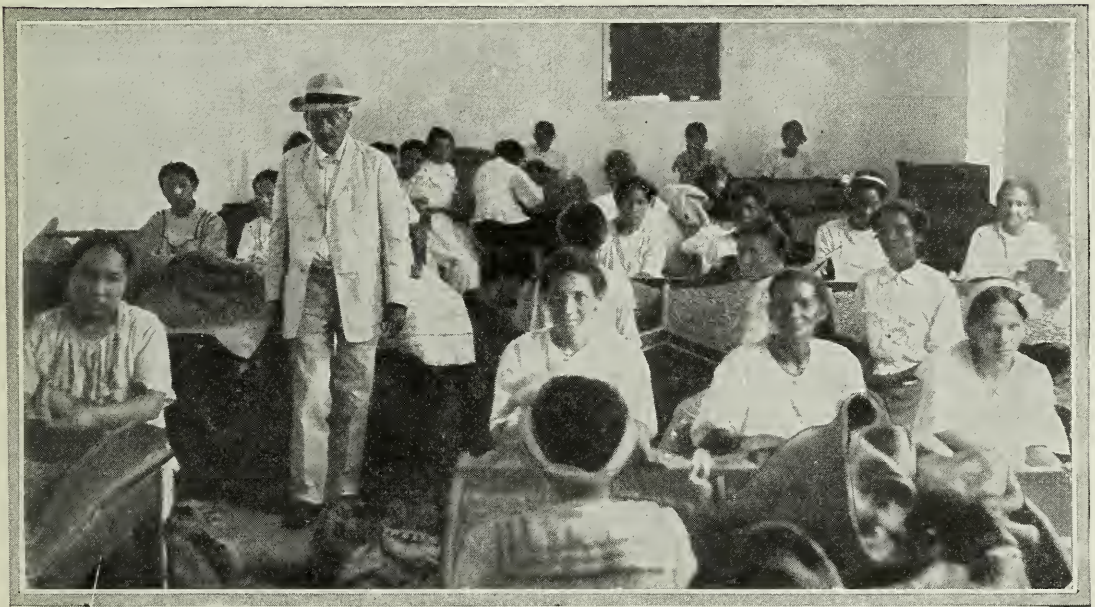
Ponce is the terminus of the railway from San Juan. It is the shipping point for most of the sugar and coffee produced on the south side of the island. From it diverge two roads over the mountains, the Military Road to San Juan and the road across Arecibo Pass to Arecibo. I took the latter, passing through a rich coffee district where rain falls almost every day. From some of the summits of the mountains that shadow



A REFRESHMENT BOOTH IN THE PLAZA, PONCE, PORTO RICO.

Arecibo Pass both the Caribbean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean can be seen. In the valley of the Arecibo River the palisades are of imposing grandeur.

Coffee in this region sometimes does not make a normal crop because of the very heavy rainfall. The planters also suffer more or less loss through the scarcity of laborers, since so many of the peons now find that they can make a better living on the coast, where there are no dangers and discomforts from rain and the hookworm. Coffee is a peculiar plant.



NATIVE WOMEN SORTING COFFEE BERRIES, PORTO RICO.

It here depends for its growth on shady, damp ground. Being a compact, imperishable product, it can be transported profitably long distances over bad roads and mountain trails. The Porto Rican acreage will probably not increase, however, because better means of transportation makes perishable crops more remunerative.

The crop last year was the largest in the history of the island. Coffee to the extent of \$8,511,316 was exported, its value furnishing almost one-fifth of the receipts from foreign trade. France and Cuba were among the heaviest purchasers.

The coffee planters once occupied the supremacy now enjoyed by the sugar men because they had a favorable Spanish tariff. The American occupation took that away. The planters also suffered from the great production of Brazilian coffee and the terrible cyclone that swept the island bare in 1899.

Arecibo, said to have been founded in 1616, is one of the most progressive towns on the island. Its streets are well paved, and the plaza is the most attractive I saw, with the possible exception of that at Mayagüez. The harbor is poor, and now almost entire dependence is placed on the railroad.

From Arecibo I returned to San Juan in order to go over the Military Road which runs through the heart of a rich tobacco district. The mountainous parts of Porto Rico are usually in great "hog back" ridges. On top of a mountain there is no plateau space; between two elevations there is seldom a valley of cultivable width. The Military Road, however, winds its way through some wide valleys that belie the general character of the island by rolling in gentle undulations to the heights.

The town of Caguas is surrounded by fields shaded with cheesecloth, under which grows the choice Porto Rican tobacco. The land is worth from \$60 to \$350 an acre. Since the American occupation land values have been steadily going up. One tract that cost \$8,000 ten years ago sold last year for \$35,000. There are a number of cigar factories. The wages of the cigar makers average about \$10 a week.

In 1913 the island's output of cigars was more than fourteen times greater than it was ten years ago. Two hundred and eighty-four million cigars were made, one hundred and sixty-five million of these being shipped to the United States. The tobacco exported last year was valued at \$7,000,000. In its manufacture a larger number are engaged than in any other manufacturing industry on the island. Owing to the demand, the manufacture of tobacco has increased at a greater rate than the production. The native cigarettes retail in packages of ten for three cents. Cigars cost from one cent up. The tobacco grown on the island of Porto Rico is not equal in



FIELDS OF TOBACCO COVERED WITH CHEESECLOTH, ON THE
PORTO RICAN MILITARY ROAD.

flavor to the Cuban tobacco, nor does it bring so high a price.

The divides on the Military Road are crossed at heights of from 1,300 to 2,000 feet. Cayey and Aibonito are tobacco towns. Beyond the latter the valleys are remarkable for their long and gentle slopes. When the road begins to fall toward the Caribbean Sea, in one stretch of six miles it drops 1,400 feet. Off the road a few miles is the island's watering place, Coamo Springs. It is noted for its social life and its medicinal baths.

There is a long plain traversed by the road just before reaching Ponce. Through it runs a river that gives a great deal of trouble when rains are unusually heavy. A downpour in the mountains converts it into a raging torrent. This is characteristic of all the mountain streams. Until the water subsides, passage is impossible. Not long since one of the rains

flooded Ponce, and one block from the plaza the water was three feet deep in the streets.

From Ponce I went west to Yauco, a prosperous coffee town which boasts of the first public library on the island. It is seven miles from Yauco to Guánica, where American troops first landed. Here is Porto Rico's largest sugar central.

The greatest crop in Porto Rico is sugar cane. The old tariff upon sugar was just the same as giving the Porto Rican planter a bounty of \$33 a ton. The sugar men are very blue over free sugar. They now admit that they could stand a cut, but free sugar will ruin many. The average American consumes eighty-three pounds of sugar a year, and only ten pounds of this is produced in the United States. We even import two million short tons of sugar beets annually. Of course, the Porto Rico sugar formerly came in duty free, so Porto Ricans got the benefit, in higher prices, of the duty assessed on the sugar of other countries.

Some of the sugar planters of Porto Rico went to Washington and for the purpose of securing a sympathetic hearing told how they would be ruined if the duty on sugar were lowered even a fraction of a cent. The Porto Rican banks began to think that the sugar industry must really be in a serious condition. To protect themselves they began to call the sugar loans of the men who had told Congress that they were facing ruin. So it came about that several planters failed when there was no need for it; and others had to do a great deal of explaining to make their bankers understand that they were merely talking to influence public opinion.

The sugar exports last year amounted to 382,700 tons, over five times greater than the amount exported eleven years ago. The sales outside the island amounted to \$26,619,158, over fifty per cent of Porto Rico's external sales. Cuba, owing to climatic and soil conditions, can grow cane cheaper than Porto Rico, and the cane is richer in sugar. Porto Rico produces about as much sugar as Louisiana, and twice as much as the Philippines. Hawaii's production about equals that of Porto Rico and the Philippines combined.

Although Porto Rico depends for the most part upon its staples, sugar, tobacco, and coffee, there are other products that are of importance. The shipments of fruit in 1913 amounted to \$3,120,919. These included oranges, pineapples, coconuts and grapefruit. Coconuts are grown anywhere upon the coast. The citrus fruits seem to thrive best on the north coast, although large investments have been made also at the western end of the island.

The leading western port and the third town in size is Mayagüez with 16,591 inhabitants. In 1763 the excellence of the harbor was recognized and the town accordingly founded. Other towns in the vicinity are far older. San Germán was founded in 1512 and named by Diego Columbus, a son of the great discoverer. The island's oldest church is a picturesque structure which the Dominican friars built in San Germán in 1538. When the Spaniards moved a settlement from one location to another they usually kept the same name. San Germán was first situated nearer the coast than it is today. Pirates laid it waste and the French sacked it in 1526. Then it was moved inland.



THE OLDEST CHURCH IN PORTO RICO, SAN GERMAN, ERECTED
IN 1538.

The assessed valuation of property on the island, which is, of course, estimated to be somewhat below the actual value, is \$179,271,023. The per capita wealth, based on the census of 1910, is \$175. As I have said before, the American occupation brought great changes for the poorer classes, and wages as well as living conditions are improving every year. Porto Rico's total indebtedness is only \$4,876,747, the per capita indebtedness being \$4.18 as against \$10.83 in the United States. The insular Government derives virtually all the money needed for support from the customs and excise taxes which in the States and Territories go to the Federal Treasury. In this respect Porto Rico is particularly favored.

A good indication of the growing prosperity of the island is the fact that since 1908 deposits in the eleven recognized banking institutions have doubled. On June 30, 1913, the deposits aggregated \$21,316,027. These figures do not represent the banking business of the island, as many commercial houses, following the custom of Spanish times, are still performing the functions usually reserved to banks. There is no official record of their resources.

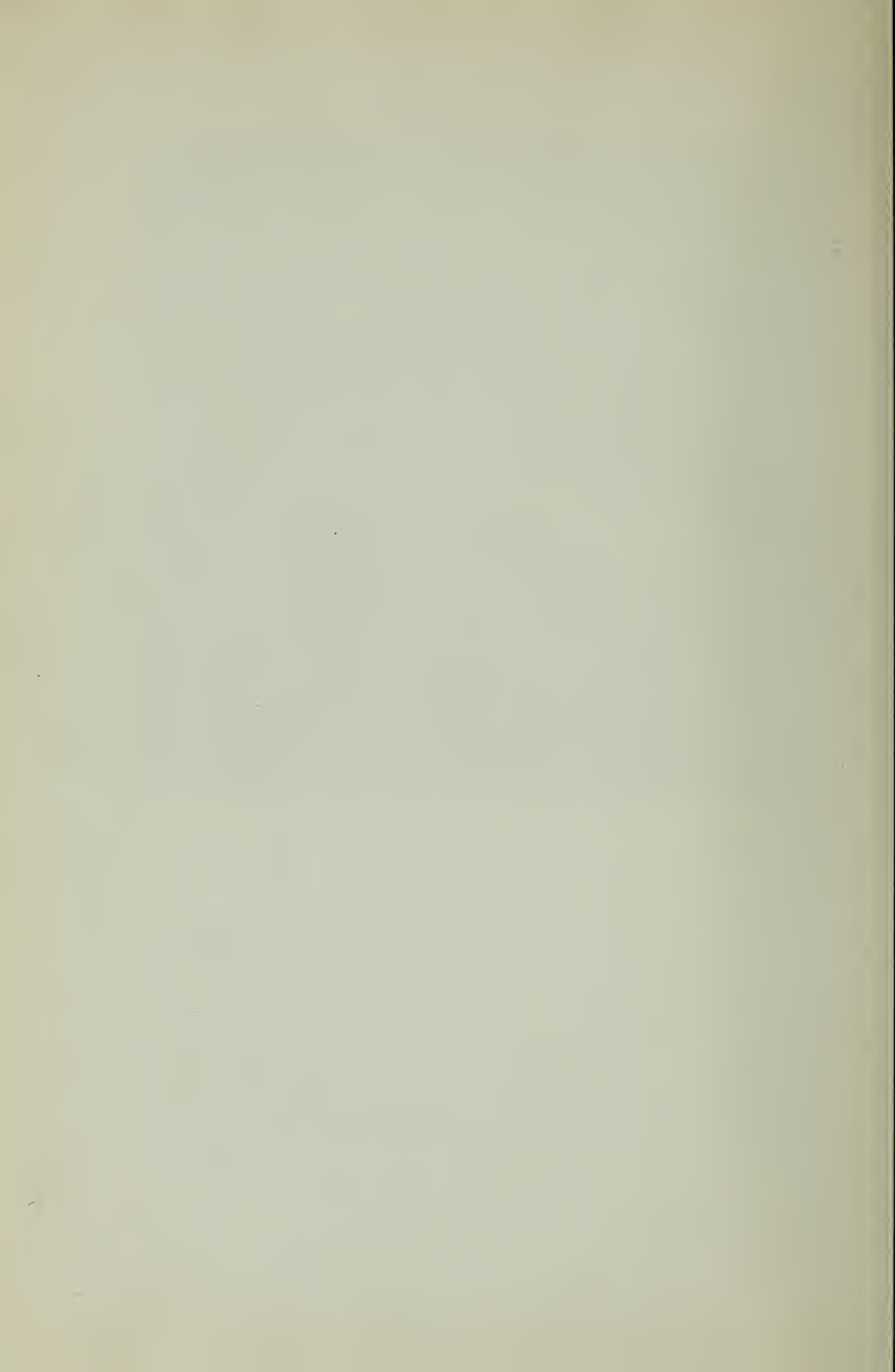
The Porto Rican Government maintains a commercial agency at 569 Fifth Avenue, New York City. It welcomes inquiries and furnishes descriptive literature and specific information. Porto Rico is an agricultural country almost exclusively and will always remain so. Intensified farming will make the island more prosperous, and it is already being realized that this is the only progressive step, in view of the large rural population.

It was during February, 1913, that I visited Porto Rico with Mr. Harold Sanderson, president of the White Star Steamship Company. Before reaching Porto Rico we had visited Jamaica, Trinidad and other British island possessions of the West Indies that had been under British rule for three hundred years or more. After looking over Porto Rico, and comparing its improvement under United States rule with what Great Britain has done in other West India islands, and finding everything immensely in our favor, I said to my Eng-



SCENE ON THE RIO GRANDE, PORTO RICO.

lish friend, "Mr. Sanderson, what do you think of what we have done in Porto Rico in twelve years?" He just shrugged his shoulders and replied, "You people of the United States are wonderful people." I have been under every flag in the world, except three, and I know that the United States handles colonies better than any other nation. While Porto Rico's discoverers saw in the island the promise of gold, we can see treasure in its fertile soil. Located within easy access of the big cities and markets of our Eastern States, it can become a much greater credit to the United States as a colony than it is even now.



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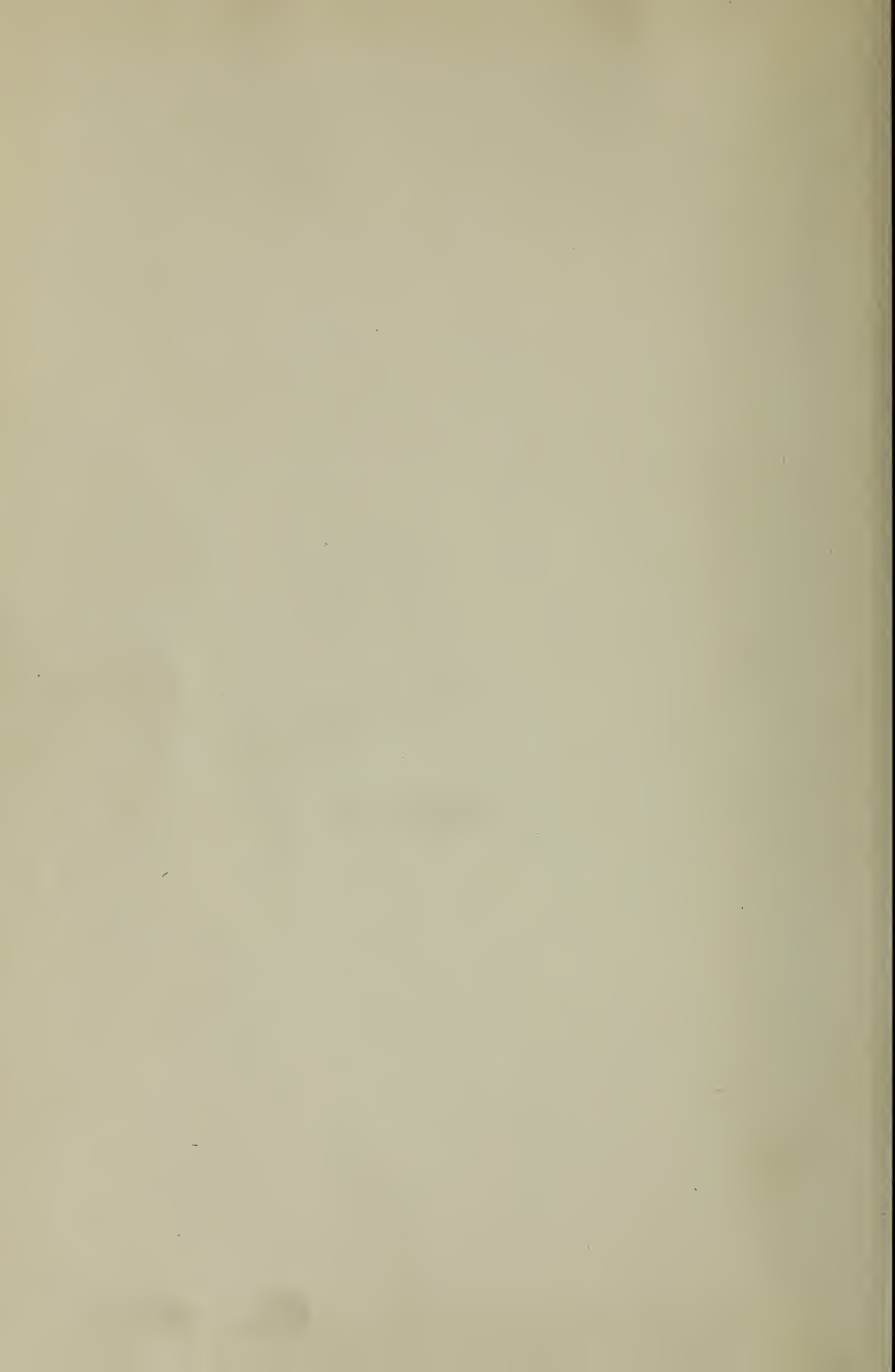
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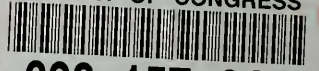
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